LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THE EDUCATION OF A MAN.

BY THE EDITOR.

Let us, for the sake of illustration, imagine that a young immortal is placed before us, whose duty it is to give him an education. This word signifies, that we are to take him into our hand, find out what faculties he possesses, and then make the most of every one of them, preserving, however, a just balance among all his various powers. Not one of those powers was given him to lie dormant. He never can be a real man till all of them are developed. Our business is not to give him a certain amount of knowledge, nor to practice him in certain arts, nor to teach him a profession. He comes to us to be educated, not to be crammed with other people's ideas, nor to learn a trade. The ideas he can get afterward by reading. The trade he can acquire very easily when he is properly prepared for it. What, now, shall we do for this young being, whose future we are to form for him? As quick as possible, I answer, let us make a man of him.

Let us, in the first place, take him up as a physical being, and, young and feeble as he is, see what we can do for him. Let the persons who have the charge of him, in this particular, know every thing about his body. Let them map out that knowledge, to the best of their ability, with a deep consideration of the case in hand, to the comprehension of their pupil. Let them instruct that pupil, not only in the anatomy and physiology of his body, but in the laws of life and health, of strength and growth, and of that exercise by which the highest physical beauty is produced. Let the effort then commence, in which the scholar will enthusiastically unite, so soon as he is made to understand it, to rear up out of this beginning the completest, strongest, healthiest, hardiest, as well as most beautiful and graceful being, possible. Let him not only be exercised, but exercised scientifically, by a man who knows every bone and muscle of his body, and every want and possibility of his physical existence. Let one set of exercises be suited to employ, invigorate, and enlarge those muscles. Let another inflate his lungs, expand his chest, and thus give larger scope for the growth and play of his internal organs. A

third will give him ease of motion and gracefulness of carriage. Nor need we stop when these ends are gained. The organs of sensation, which are useful according to their power and accuracy, may be astonishingly improved by a course of scientific practice. The eye can be educated to see, the ear to hear, the hand to feel, and the remaining senses to do their appropriate work. Nature, in these particulars, gives us the beginning. It is the business of effort, and of art, to carry that beginning to the last results. Instead of suffering the strength, and health, and beauty of our pupil to waste away, as they do almost universally from the first hour after the usual course of education is begun, we should not only preserve them all, but carry each of them to a perfection which nature, unaided by education, can never reach. The young man, when he goes from our hands, with all his other qualifications, in the place of being the sickliest, weakest, most pallid and cadaverous person in society, ought to be physically a pattern and paragon for all other men. Without particular and judicious treatment, however, this can not be. Such a result will no more follow, from the fact that the child lives on to the estate of manhood, than it follows, that the crab will gradually bear better and better fruit, till the most luscious grafts shall drop from its outspreading branches, because the shower and the sunlight continue to moisten and warm the soil from which it gets its growth.

Let us, in the next place, and while this physical training is going on, look carefully and philosophically into his mental constitution, determine precisely what intellectual faculties he possesses, and then set every one of those faculties to work, that we may thereby give to them all their utmost development. It has been said, that Bacon's analysis of the mind into memory, reason, and imagination is not complete; that there are other original mental capacities not included in this list; and, consequently, that his syllabus of studies is not adapted to our wants. Well, be it so. I shall not discuss this point. But, whatever may be thought of Bacon's threefold division, it is lamentable that there is not now one educational institution on the globe, which pretends to discipline all of even the three intellectual faculties alike. Oxford educates the

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memory; Cambridge, the reason; the Italian universities, the imagination; not one of them the whole Baconian man. If, now, it be true, that the Baconian analysis is not correct, let us demand of our more recent philosophers to tell us exactly what analysis is correct. Let us get from them a chart of the human mind. With this chart spread out before us, we shall at once see the work we have undertaken to accomplish. We are to draw out, expand, strengthen, mature, and then set into harmonious action, every one of the prescribed radical possibilities of thought. We are not to be chiefly governed, in assigning them their tasks, by any outward circumstances, whether of society, or of fashion, or of the multiplication of new sciences, but by their intrinsic wants. It is easy enough, however, I am thoroughly convinced, when we have fixed upon mental growth as the first object of scholastic discipline, to select from the boundless field of human knowledge those studies, which, while they are best adapted to promote this growth, will also furnish the mind with the most important truths. This secondary object can be best attained, in fact, by pursuing a perfectly philosophical and universal method; for truth is the food of thought; and those sciences, which are best adapted to develop the several faculties of the mind, will be found to be precisely those of the highest future value to the man. When that man goes out from his scholastic life, he will not be, as graduates in general now are, the possessor of mere knowledge, but a being of varied powers. The word power exactly expresses the nature of his being. Every one of his capacities, indeed, has become a power. You need not ask him what he knows. Ask him what he can do. In his ability to do consists his superiority over those who only know. They have been cramming their memories. He has been educating his. If he has no more than they have, stored within his memory, he can remember, because he has been strengthening the retentiveness and readiness of this faculty, rather than stocking it. They, in the abundance of their lore, can tell you all the laws of reason, because they have been memorizing the elementary principles of logic. He, on the other hand, can reason, because the full expansion of this element of his being has been the direct object of his exertions. They, too, can recite by the hour what has been written concerning the arts based upon the imagination, and particularly the recorded criticisms upon the works of the great masters. He, through those works, has been cultivating his own imagination. They, it is possible, can tell the names and detail the faults and graces of all the great orators and writers of antiquity. He, in addition to all this, can both write and speak. So with other things. They are men of information. He is a man of power. He is particularly a man of power, because he has not been neglecting a portion of his intellectual being, but giving to every part of it all necessary advantages, and thus securing to himself that wholeness and

evenness of mind without which no one can be truly great.

When these two works have been accomplished, or, rather, while we are accomplishing them, another one of inconceivable importance must be achieved. That young being, whose body and mind we are supposed to be now developing, holds moral relations to every other being in existence. We may consider him as standing in the center of the great universe, having a relationship to God, to man, and to every object in creation. In view of these relationships, he can affect all these other beings, and be affected by them. This fact lays him under obligations to perform certain acts denominated duties. Each set of beings, to whom he is bound by these relationships, is the object of a distinct class of duties; and, exactly corresponding to them, we find in the soul of this our pupil an equal number of moral faculties, called affections, which go out after their respective objects as naturally as our physical appetites call for the food that nourishes us. One affection-the word is from afficio, to affect-fastens itself on God; and it is, therefore, generally styled the religious sentiment. Another fixes itself on man as man; a third on those men who are citizens with us of a common country; a fourth on those individuals of the domestic circle, whom we denominate parent, wife, husband, brother, son; and a fifth on such as, by holding our own opinions, or by other marks of similarity, we know under the comprehensive appellative of friends. These affections, like the bones and sinews of our bodies, have a natural growth, independent of all culture, but are, also, equally capable of improvement under correct treatment. There is, in truth, no department or power of our threefold nature so needy of attention, because no other is so entirely fallen. There is a wonderful perversion of these affections, in the heart of every person who has taken no steps for their correction. Not one of them is as direct, as strong, as blameless as it ought to be, while some of them, like that which binds us to the supreme Being, are almost obliterated. The germs of them, I know, are all remaining, though so weakened and obscured, that they do not adequately perform their offices. They lie there buried in confusion. Our work, therefore, begins with the task of uncovering and bringing them to light. We are then to get them into a state of harmony among themselves, being careful to array them in their natural dignity and authority, that the higher be not held in subjection by the lower. This being done, we may next undertake, by suitable exercises, to educate them, just as we have educated the physical and intellectual faculties. We are to give them lessons, and labors, that they may grow by their own exertions.

The great text-book will be the Bible, because that book, so criminally neglected in all our schools and by all our plans of education, is the only one which clearly points out to us every relation, and every duty, of every human being. It is the only

source, too, of those powerful motives to moral action, by which every susceptibility of our moral nature is addressed. It has motives for our fears; it has motives for our hopes; and the spirit accompanying it rouses up every latent feeling of obligation, by which we are impelled, when impelled at all, to act in obedience to our relations. Without the Bible, there can be no moral education worthy of the name; but with it, and by the light of it, we can derive a thousand helps to our great task from the depths of our souls, from good books, and from the manifold works of nature.

One thing, however, we can not obtain either from our souls, from nature, nor even from the Bible; and yet, without this one thing, it will be impossible, I will not say to consummate, but fairly to begin this work of moral education. First of all, and before all, the heart must be renewed by the power of God; for, till this is done, it will be extremely difficult to keep the physical and mental powers in their proper places; while the moral will remain in all their ruin, till raised and restored by a hand from heaven. This, though mentioned last, ought to be the very opening act in every man's education. This, and only this, in the beginning will set him right; will heal and harmonize his faculties; will put the physical in subjection to the mental, the mental to the moral, and the moral to the authority of Him, who wills and is able to secure our greatest development and highest happiness. Then every step taken will be advancement. The beautiful serenity reigning within will leave the pupil free for study and contemplation. The highest and holiest objects, conceivable by an immortal mind, will constantly draw him out to make his mightiest efforts. Then the entire work will go forward, gradually but certainly, to a glorious consummation.

The ministerial office is, therefore, absolutely essential to every perfect system of education. God must be not only acknowledged, but represented, in every method. The word of God, the eternal Logos, the sole revealer of the hidden knowledge of the Omniscient, must have the first place in every course of human discipline. The Spirit of God, that enlighteneth every man, must be the fountain of all life, the center of all effulgence. The messenger of God, who, though in a form of flesh, has the high responsibility of articulating the truths, which the almighty Creator has stamped upon every existing thing, or written upon the leaves of his own and only book, must be received into every theory, and felt in every effort. That messenger must have a distinct work assigned him-a distinct sphere in which to do that work-a distinct time and place for action within his sphere, and all the respect and dignity conferred upon him, which the first and highest office in the work of recovering and developing a noble but fallen being demands of us. No man is truly a scholar till his heart is turned from the vanities of time to the overwhelming interests of eternity. No plan of education is complete, nor even philosophically conceived, till the presence of God is secured to it, and the power of God is revealed in it, in the person of one of his own representatives, and in all the agencies, appurtenances, and appliances, which have been owned, and blessed, and sanctified by God. That school, that college, that university, however rich in its endowments, however fortunate in its incumbencies, however splendid in its reputation and connections, is but a poor thing indeed, the mere shadow of what it should be, if not a nursery of irreligion and a way-house in the downward road to individual and national impiety, which has no burning altar, no daily sacrifice, no constant effort to reclaim the spirit of the pupil, and fix his wandering eye on the eternal and unalterable Source of all truth, of all knowledge, and of all improvement.

LIFE'S PILGRIMS.

BY MISS PHEBE CAREY.

ALWAYS keeping close together,
Since the flowers our young feet drew
Out to pleasant valley meadows,
And still places where they grew;

Sometimes pressing onward eager, Sometimes resting by the way, Where a little isle of shadow In a sea of sunshine lay:

We have journeyed oft in sorrow, Ne'er in anger, ne'er in strife, From the broad base to the summit Of the solemn bill of life.

But, my friend—for friend thou hast been— This our happy past will prove; Thou hast wearied—I have seen it— Of my ever steadfast love.

When I put my arms about thee, Answers not the dear old smile; And thou leanest, O so sadly! From my bosom all the while.

Very sadly from my bosom, Very eagerly away, Toward a pathway that will lead thee Farther from me every day.

Let me take thy hand one moment— Let me pause a little space; It will be a weary journey, Weary till I reach the base.

For, to gain that solemn valley,
Where life's pilgrims all have rest—
And it waits me, I can see it—
Were a weary way at best.

MISCELLANEA.

BY PROPESSOR LARRABES.

A HAPPY new moon to you, gentle reader. Pleasant is it to meet again, to join company for another year, and talk over, in our desultory way, the incidents of the past, and gravely speculate on the portendings of the future. Many years have passedsome eight or nine, perhaps—since we first met in communion through the medium of the Ladies' Repository. We have, during that time, occasionally, though not regularly, met and communed together, till we begin to feel an interest in each other, perhaps to love each other. Together have we rejoiced, together have wept. It is pleasant to think, when I sit down to peruse these pages, that your eye, too, is directed to the same lines and the same words as my own; that your feelings, your thoughts, your emotions, may all be coincident with mine. Friends, separated by long distance, may often be looking at the same time on the same objects-the same moon, the same stars, and the same sun. Spirit may hold communion with spirit, though between our local habitations mighty rivers may flow, and grand mountains rise, and great lakes extend their watery domain. So let us, gentle one, hold sweet converse together, as formerly we have done, nor heed the carping critic, nor listen to the croaking grumbler. As we said to you, many years ago, we have no story to tell you, no great question to discuss, no argument to make, and no staid advice to give you. But such as we have we present to you-descriptions of scenes, relations of incidents, and such desultory reflections as occasional circumstances may suggest.

THE VALLEY IN THE MOUNTAIN-LAND.

From the hill, hanging over the green valley, where cozily nestled the old homestead, I often looked on the long range of blue mountains that rose, some hundred miles or more distant, in the northwest, and wondered what fair land might repose in summer sunlight beyond that misty boundary of the horizon. In summer and in winter, in spring and in autumn, at morning, at noon, and at night, a soft and mellow atmosphere seemed resting over that distant land. Did there summer perpetual bloom? Were there the skies always cloudless, and the breezes always gentle, and the sunshine always pleasant? Was there the happy land, shadowy glimpses of whose unearthly scenery so often, in sleeping dreams and waking reveries, flitted over my soul? Might I there find the ideal of my imaginings, the beautiful and the good, for which my youthful heart had long pined? Might I there meet some angelic being, for whose congenial sympathy my soul had so long yearned? Might I there find some fair and gentle one, who could read the invisible record of experience and of anxiety in a heart, whose deep emotions none had sounded, and with whose agitations of hope and of despondency no other heart had ever vibrated in harmony?

One fine morning of my seventeenth autumn, I looked again toward that mountain-land, and resolved to make my way to its mysterious precincts. With a small package in my hand, and a very few dimes in my pocket, I started on foot and alone for the north-west. After a few hours of devious rambling over the fields, through the woods, and in the pastures, I arrived on the banks of the Androscoggin, at the Falls of Lewiston, where the river, rushing, and roaring, and foaming, and boiling, pours over the rocky precipice. I sat down on a projecting rock, besprinkled with the spray of the waters, whose thundering roar I had often heard booming over the hills far away. Wild was the scene. The river came gently and quietly along, with not a ripple on its surface, till it reached the very brink of the precipice, when suddenly, as if surprised and startled, it leaped over the rocks, and went dashing on its way. Not a house nor a field appeared in sight. Nature alone reigned with unquestioned sway over the spot. There was nothing to break the spell of romantic interest thrown around the scene. Grand old forest-trees threw their dense shade over the landscape. On the rocky hight stood the oak with its full, spreading top; and on the plain rose, straight and limbless, the pine, its green tassels mournfully sighing in the autumn wind.

Leaving the falls and the river, I journeyed along over a pine forest plain. The trees stood at irregular distances, their smooth and straight trunks appearing like columns supporting a canopy of dark and dense foliage, through which came the autumn sunlight in scant and softened rays. Through their waving tassels sadly mound the autumn wind Beautiful, very beautiful, seemed to me that old evergreen forest. Beautiful was the soft carpet of fallen leaves on the ground. Beautiful stood the pines with their towering trunks. Beautiful spread the green canopy overhead. Pleasant, though mournful, was the sound of the sighing wind in

the lofty branches.

Beyond the plain rose a high hill, covered from its base to its summit with a grove of noble oaks. Up the hill wound the road in many a serpentine curve. From the summit of the hill appeared a prospect beautiful, and bounded but by the horizon. On the south lay the pine forest, stretching away in one unbroken range, and the river flowing on between its evergreen banks, till in the far distance both were lost-the river mingling its waters with the ocean, and the forest plain forming the line of coast. On the east lay an undulating region of woodlands, fields, and pastures, with farm-houses, and villages, and steeples of rural churches peering up amid the variegated foliage of autumn. On the west lay sleeping in the fair sunshine, dreaming of perpetual summer, a lake of pure, transparent water-one of those little, lovely lakes forming a general and marked feature of the mountain landscapes of New England. Over the bosom of the peaceful waters was floating a soft and wavy light.

From the mirrory surface were reflected the graceful forms of the pines that skirted the shores. Not a wave beat the margin, nor a ripple moved on the surface of the tranquil waters. On the north still loomed up the mysterious mountain-land. My position of observation, nearer than I had ever before attained, presented the mountains in bolder outline. Their summits seemed greatly elevated. Their sides were marked by bold ridges and deep furrows. They seemed a barrier impassable: nor could I imagine how I should reach the fairy-land, which I knew must lie beyond. Resuming my journey, on I went, downhill, and uphill, and over plain, and along valley, and across winding stream. The mountain-land lay still before me. One range of hills being past, another higher still arose, seeming to lie right along my path. But onward pressing my way, I wound around the hills, along the valleys, and over the gentle slopes of the uplands, leaving the rugged hills standing like fortifications impregnable, but too distant to arrest or annoy the invader. And thus I saw to-day far behind me the grand and gloomy mountains, which yesterday threatened an obstacle insurmountable in my path. I often wondered how I had so easily evaded the difficulty, which I might in vain hope to surmount. Often thus, in the journey of human life, our way seems impassably barred, our progress inevitably arrested, and ourselves lost in a threadless labyrinth. We become disheartened and desponding. But go on. There is a way, "which the vulture's eye hath not seen, nor the lion's whelp trod." There "is a path which no fowl knoweth." The unerring finger of Providence will direct your steps. Go forward, then, with a firm faith and a manly heart.

After some days of weary travel, I had meandered around the north-western base of a craggy hill. and reached an elevated table-land of dark forest. Passing around a point of woodland into an open glade, I saw suddenly opening before me one of the loveliest prospects that ever rose on human vision. Before me lay a valley, extending far to the north and to the south. On the east and west it was bounded by gently sloping hills, covered with orchards, and fields, and farm-houses. Through the midst of the valley flowed a clear, rapid river, meandering through the meadows, sometimes kissing the hills on one side, and then on the other. The valley was a perfectly smooth and level lawn, over which were scattered, in single specimens and in clusters, tall old elms and vigorous young maples. The course of the river was marked by the bright gleam of its clear waters, rippling along over a pebbly bed.

I looked over the river on the eastern shore, and there stood, on a terraced plain, one of those fairy villages seen only in New England, and when once seen never forgotten. One long street, lined by magnificent elms, extended for a mile along the terraced plain. On each side of the street, shaded by the elms, and embowered in shrubbery, stood the neat white costages. In an open square stood a venerable church, with a tall steeple, from which were pealing forth, on the still air of the autumn evening, the clear and mellow sounds of a sweettoned bell. In rear of the church was a beautiful cemetery, in which slept the departed loved ones of the hamlet, in graves marked by tablets of white marble. Not far from the church, on a spacious plain, amidst trees and ornamental shrubbery, stood the academy, around which had clustered for many years the youth of the valley to receive instruction in the higher branches of science.

Some miles south of my point of view, at the lower end of the valley, where the river abruptly turned to the east, appeared another village, embowered and nearly concealed by grand old elms, standing on each side of the wide street, and intertwining their noble branches far above the neighring cottages. Farther still south stretched away, in the dim distance of the plain, a forest of ever-

green pines.

Turning again to the north, and looking far up the valley, I saw a most grand landscape. A circular chain of lofty mountains inclosed the valley on the north, the east, and the west, leaving only an opening south, through which flowed the river. In the noble amphitheater lay nestled the living fountains of the beautiful river. In the circular chain of mountains inclosing the valley were peaks of vast hight. On their utmost summits was falling the sunlight of evening, while all along their sides were gathering shadows, and in the deep ravines was darkness visible.

I stood fixed on the spot, admiring the beautiful, the grand, the glorious scene, till night began to throw her dim shadows over the landscape. I then made my way to a hospitable dwelling, where I spent the night. When the morning came, I arose early to resume my tour of observation along the happy valley. As I passed up along the river-side, or wound around the base of the hills, new views were constantly opening before me, and new scenes appearing on the landscape. Placid lakes of cool, transparent water lay quiet and still in the sequestered forest. Perennial fountains burst out of the hill-side, and sent a living stream along the meadow. Sparkling rivulets poured by a series of cascades down the mountain, till they reached the river valley, through whose green borders they gently meandered between rows of golden willows and weeping elms. Sheltered vales lay imbosomed among the hills, forming from early spring till late in autumn a paradise of birds and of flowers. There were neat farm-houses peering out through the green trees and perched on the hill-sides. The hill-tops were covered with grand old forest-trees, their verdant sides were cropped by bleating flocks and lowing herds, and the valleys at their base were waving with the ripened corn. To me my fairy visions seemed realized. I had reached the mysterious valley among the hills, to which I had so often looked with admiring interest. Beautiful, very beautiful, it proved

to be, yet not altogether such as my youthful fancy had pictured it. Perpetual spring smiled not, nor summer bloomed always there. The autumn came with its falling leaf, and winter ruled there often with an iron scepter. Around those mountain peaks the storm sometimes terribly beat, and along the valley the winds often piped a merry whistle. And the snow spread its white winding-sheet over all the beauty and the bloom of nature.

Happily, cheerfully, joyously passed in that fair land the years of my youth, till there came on me the responsibilities of manhood. I then emerged from my sequestered retreat, and rushed out into the busy world. And many, very many yearsyears numbering nearly a generation of human life—have passed over my head, since the morning of my departure from that fair land of youthful affection, yet my heart nestles there still. There yet hangs in the inner chamber of my soul a fade less picture of the whole landscape. The mountains are as blue, the valleys as soft and dreamy, the river as clear, the cascades as lively, the cottages as white, the hills as green, and the ravines as romantic, as when they all stood within the circle of my visual horizon.

Strange, mysterious seems the conceptual power of mind, by which we create at pleasure spiritual images of the objects of sense, the perfect counterpart of past perceptions. By what daguerreian process are the forms, lineaments, and even color of beautiful objects drawn and fixed on the soul?

THE MOUNTAIN RAMBLE.

Doomed as I had been for a decade of years to look only on a vast, interminable plain, stretching from the Alleghanies to the Cordilleras, and from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican Gulf, how did my glad heart leap for joy, when late I saw the summit of the grand mountain, known far and near as "Old Blue," peering above the horizon. Few and short were the steps I made, till I had reached the pleasant village, reposing in the valley under the shadow of the old monarch of hills. It was late at night when the stage-coach dropped me at the door of an old and valued friend of former days. In the morning a party was soon raised to accompany me to the mountain-a joyous and happy party of youth, whose voices were merry, and whose hearts were light. And I, too, caught the spirit of the party; for though, since I had last looked on that hoary mountain, time had sprinkled my temple with many a gray hair, and sorrow had thrown many a deep and dark shadow over my brow, yet the sight of the old mountain, and the presence of joyous hearts, inspired my soul with the buoyancy of days of yore, and I felt as young at fifty as at fifteen.

Leaving the rural village, we turned toward the hills, and began rapidly to ascend the highlands. For some seven miles or more we rode over a rough highway, along the rugged hill-side, ascending at an angle as acute as was at all agreeable to our horses or safe for ourselves. As we rode along the

hill-side, our horizon became enlarged, and our view extended over magnificent prospects. Having proceeded as far as the road was passable for carriages, we began the toilsome ascent on foot. We plunged into the woods, and made our way over rocks and roots, logs and limbs, ascending all the time by a grade as heavy as is usually a flight of stairs, for about two miles, when the forest ceased, and we saw nothing before us but naked heaps of craggy rocks rising far above us. Over these rocks and up these precipices we climbed for nearly a mile, when we stood on the lofty summit of the magnificent mountain. And then what a prospect appeared around the whole horizon! We stood at a point nearly forty-five degrees of latitude, and nearly in the longitude of Quebec. So high stands the mountain, that from its summit we can see nearly one hundred miles in every direction; and a nobler prospect the world can hardly afford. In the circle, perhaps, of a twenty mile radius, immediately around the mountain, was gathered an endless variety of hills, valleys, lakes, rivers, forests, fields, farm-houses, and villages. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the lakes and rivers. The waters, like the bright surface of polished mirrors, gleamed in the unclouded summer sun. The more distant hills were tinged with the soft coloring of the blue atmosphere, and the valleys were slightly vailed by a thin haze, rendering their appearance more delicate and beautiful.

While the intermediate scenery was beautiful, the more distant was grand. Far to the south, though nearly a hundred miles distant, appeared dimly the waters of the Atlantic, along the beautiful Bay of Casco. To the east extended an immense forest plain, stretching away beyond the Kennebec and the Penobscot, with the lone and lofty peak of Katahden towering among the clouds. To the north appeared successive chains of mountains, rising one behind the other, far, far away toward the magnificent Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the west were plainly seen the White Mountains of New Hampshire; and far beyond them, through a depression, appeared the green hills that divide the waters of the Connecticut from those of Champlain.

Mr. Jefferson pronounces the scenery about Harper's Ferry worth a voyage across the Atlantic. I know not how to estimate the value of the prospect from the Blue Mountain. It is one of those grand sights which fill the soul with unutterable emotions. It fixes on the soul a fadeless picture of beauty and of grandeur. It makes us, in humble adoration, bow before the majesty of the eternal One, and acknowledge the greatness of his power and the extent of his wisdom.

AN APHORISM.

HE who surveys the mountain-tops will find .The loftiest peaks the deepest wrapt in snow; He who surpasses or subdues mankind, Must look down on the hate of those below.

RAMBLES IN PARIS.

PROM OUR PRESON CORRESPONDENT.

Every body has heard of the splendor of the shops of Paris, and those who have seen them will say that their reputation has not been undeserved; for all that painting, gilding, and plate glass can do—all that the most symmetrical arrangement of the richest products of the industry of all countries can effect, to dazzle the eye and excite the longing of beholders, these shops certainly combine to accomplish. Strangers may amuse themselves pleasantly, for two or three weeks, by merely walking through the streets, and examining the various objects displayed in the windows; and yet the richest goods must be looked for in the interior of these establishments.

But let me invite you, lady reader, to put on your bonnet and shawl, and come with me for a morning's stroll through some of the interminable suites of rooms, which form the temptation-ground of the most fashionable of these places; for instance, of the "Little St. Thomas," of the "Cities of Trance," and others almost as vast and brilliant, where the silks and satins, the velvets, cachemires, and laces, the damasks and embroideries of France, Italy, and the east, are ready to greet, in rich profusion, your admiring eyes. Then let us inspect the china shops, with their magnificent vases, their exquisite cups and saucers, and plates and dishes, that seem fitter to be inclosed, like jewels, each in its own case of satin-lined morocco, or framed and hung up as pictures-and which sometimes does happen-rather than to be used in the every-day offices of eating and drinking; their infinite variety of baskets, paper-weights, candlesticks, glasses, decanters, essence-bottles, boxes, and nicknacks of every description in porcelain and crystal! The objects in gilded glass are very beautiful; and among them we distinguish what is here called an "eau-sacrée;" that is, a little glass tray, containing a bottle for water, of which a smaller bottle, filled with orange-flower water, forms the stopple, a sugarbowl, and a tumbler, all of the most elegant form. and covered with delicate gilded traceries. The French drink a good deal of water, sugared and flavored with a few drops of orange-flower water; and these little trays, with their pretty contents, form a favorite present for young girls.

Next we are assailed by the charms of the furniture-shops, with their couches, divans, sofas, and chairs, of fifty different styles, elegant, luxurious, and covered with heavy damask tapestry of the utmost beauty, silk or velvet, in the style of Louis XIV, of Louis XV—the favorite—of the "Renaissance," "Pompadour," etc.; the last luxurious invention in the chair line being "the arm-chair of the Presidency." Sometimes the entire framework of a chair is gilded; sometimes it is painted with the most exquisite flowers, landscapes, or groups on a white ground, all the lovely delicate little mold-

ings and carvings being gilded-the superb chairs of tapestry which abound in the ex-royal palaces are almost all of this description, and their effect is exceedingly rich; others are of rosewood, citronwood-a wood resembling the bird's-eye maple of America, and exceedingly costly-inlaid with ebony, mahogany, and oak. The tables, cabinets, sideboards, and book-cases, the chiffoniers, worktables, and card-tables, would of themselves furnish matter for a book full of gossip; especially the antique cabinets and dressing-tables, in oak or ebony, that one meets with, now and then, in the shops of the marchand de bric-à-brac-or curiositydealers, where every sort of antique furniture is collected for the amateurs of such articles-so covered with quaint and beautiful carvings, or inlaid with such beautiful little pictures in porcelain from Sévres, China, or Japan, that one might spend hours in examining them.

Now we pause before the window of a dealer in lacquered and inlaid articles. Look at those centertables, whose movable tops permit them, when not on duty, to be turned up and set against the wall, so that the light falls directly upon their exquisite landscapes of inlaid mother-of-pearl; see how brightly the delicate tints gleam out from the lustrous black surface, the rich green of those masses of foliage, the gay hues of the flowers in the foreground, the pale shadows of the ruined castle in the midst, all brought out in vivid contrast by the rich prismatic hues of the mother-of-pearl. We will return here by lamplight-we shall then see these pretty things in all their glory; the Chinese pagoda, represented on that table to your right, will shine out with an illumination of colored lamps, seen through the open work of its walls and the foliage of its glistening groves, while the whole scene is flooded with soft rich light from the round harvest moon. I assure you that the effect of these things, seen by lamplight, is perfectly magical.

Now we will leave the gay, crowded boulevard, and passing on to a less brilliant quarter, take a peep at the treasures of one of the great manufacturing jewelers. Here we are at the door, or, rather, the open doorway; and in answer to your wondering exclamation, "Can any thing beautiful be found in a filthy hole like this!" I have only to answer, fair lady reader, have a little patience, and a little care; hold up your dress, step daintily over the reeking stones, and mount this black, horrid staircase, up, up, and still up, for our man of jewels dwelleth near the sky! But if you don't wish to grow seasick, take my advice, and don't look out of the open windows we pass at each turn of the winding-stairs, into the filthy court below! Well, here we are at last. We avail ourselves of the invitation, "Turn the handle, if you please," engraven in brass letters on the door, and we find ourselves in another world on entering the jeweler's premises. Passing through the clean, respectable entry, we see, through half-open doors, long suites of rooms filled with busy ouvriers, each at work in his own

department. A servant steps out, and conducts us to the show-room; and the obliging proprietor, or his wife, opens to our gaze case after case of beautiful things, in which one might easily contrive to throw away a dozen fortunes in as many minutes! At present we shall see little but pearls and diamonds, intermingled with enamel; the other stones being little worn just now, except the turquoise, which is often set in flowers with golden foliage, and the opal, which, set round with brilliants, is greatly in vogue for rings. The most fashionable ornaments at present are of diamonds set in flowers, large wreaths for the hair, and bracelets, smaller ones for brooches, intermingled frequently with arabesques of dark blue enamel, or foliage of green enamel, interspersed with flowers of diamonds and berries of pearls—the grace and elegance of these sprays and wreaths are most admirable. A parure, consisting of a wreath, or tiara, for the hair, a brooch, bracelet, and earrings, may be had, if very simple—say arabesques in fine gold, with enamel, fine pearls, and a few small diamonds-for some seven hundred francs, or about one hundred and fifty dollars; the richer ones mounting higher and higher, till they arrive at prices that seem absolutely fabulous. But how rich, how beautiful these masses of glancing stones, that twinkle with every hue of the rainbow as we turn them in different lights! how delicate these sprays, with their foliage and flowers! how ingenious the fanciful designs! how perfect the workmanship! Then, again, the gold is of a purity unknown in England or America, where the buyer is utterly at the mercy of the seller as far as the real worth of the material employed is concerned. In Paris, on the contrary, every atelier is inspected every two weeks by a government officer from the mint, who examines all the articles in the establishment, and ascertains exactly, by chemical tests, the quality of the gold employed. A heavy fine is inflicted in case of adulteration; and the third offense is punished with seizure of the whole concern, and prohibition to continue the exercise of the craft. The jewelers here will tell you, that owing to the total want of such oversight in England and America, the articles manufactured in those countries possess but rarely any intrinsic worth. If you doubt this judgment, fair lady reader, you have only to hand to our obliging host, for a few moments, any of the American or English-made trinkets you happen to have upon you at this moment, and, ninety-nine chances to one, your opposition will cease on the application of the touch-stone.

WORDS OF WILLIAM PENN.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and upon good grounds.

RETURN TO MY NATIVE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

BY REV. MESSON VINCENT.

Hail, sea-girt isle! the island of my birth—
The scene of childhood's early dreams and mirth;
I hail thee happy, once again my home,
Thy cliffs and glens, where once I used to roam.

I hail thee happy, rocks, and hills, and dales, And waving grass, and plains swept by the gales; And you, ye birds, with poised and silver wing, The mellow songster and the mountain king.

I hail thee happy, lovely isle! once more— Thy bays, and harbors, and thy pebbled shore— Thy waters, placid when the zephyrs play, But, lashed by storms, uptossed in foaming spray.

I hail thee happy, where the cooling breeze, From ocean, fans the mead and forest-trees, When summer's heat has cooled the drooping flower, And beast and bird each seek their leafy bower.

I love thee still, fair isle! I love thee still; Thy ragged woodlands, vines, and rippling rill; Thy headland "Gay," upheaved, of varied hue, Where Science proud the hand of God can view.

But, most of all, I love that lone retreat, Which, as I near it, seems my eye to greet; That gentle hill on which the mansion rose Which gave me birth and often sweet repose.

I love this sacred spot—thrice-hallowed place!
I love its paths, my early haunts, to trace;
And though Death's hand, and Time's, a gloom have cast.

'Tis sweet to think upon the joyous past.

Here sire and son reaped down the golden yield, Where days of hopeful toil prepared the field; And here a kind and faithful mother reared A progeny which, though numerous, were endeared.

Nor did that tender mother watch alone, As quite too many of her rank have done, To feed, and clothe, and raise to ripened years: She added oft her counsels, prayers, and tears.

Nor did she—godly woman!—strive in vain Her tender offspring to her Lord to gain; God's promised answer to her ardent prayer Each cherished child has since been brought to share.

How great the power of woman o'er the soul! A mother's power, with faith, can but control; Then let each mother all her duty feel, And for her loved ones work with tempered zeal.

Hail, happy home! hail, lovely, sea-girt isle! I'll not forsake again, but court thy smile; My halcyon days, religion, and thy charms Shall be my theme till called to Jesus' arms.

Diese thou but know the inly touch of love, Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow, As seek to quench the fire of love with words. HOWARD'S PLISON-WORLD OF EUROPE.

BY REV. SILAS COMFORT,

While we meet with heroes in almost every age, few philanthropists are to be found in the entire history of the human race. This consideration alone is sufficient to invest the name of Howard with a celebrity unequaled in the records of fame. All in all, he is without a parallel. Other men have devoted as much of life and of fortune, with a philanthropy as pure and with a zeal as ardent, to the interests of mankind, but not in the same channel. His efforts were directed, not to the miseries of heathendom, but to those of imprisoned criminals and debtors in Christian Europe.

It is not a little remarkable, that the time and place of the birth of a man of Howard's fame can not be determined beyond dispute. As to the time, this much only is certain: he was born in the decade of 1720–30. But the monument erected since his death, in 1790, asserts that he was born in Hockney, county of Middlesex, September 2, 1726.

There are in the lives of most men of marked prominences of character certain events, to which, under Providence, their more distinguished and commanding features may be traced. It was thus with Howard. Several may be recounted. At the death of his father, in 1742, Howard, having just entered his sixteenth year, was left with an ample fortune, of £7,000, or nearly \$35,000, and all his father's landed property. His first act of independence was to purchase the remainder of his apprenticeship of his master, who was a wholesale grocer, to whom young Howard had been bound by his father.

Devoting himself to the interests of his estate in Cardington, Bedfordshire, he evinced, in the mean time, that benevolence of character which distinguished him through life-a chain of those marked events ensued to which his usefulness and fame may be mainly attributed. The first in the series was a protracted illness, during which it was his good fortune to take up his lodgings with a widow lady, through whose kind attentions his health, from a strong consumptive tendency, was fully restored. Though his hostess was more than fifty years of age, and he only twenty-five, yet, regarding her as his benefactress, to whom he was indebted for his life, he resolved, out of pure gratitude, to make her the tender of marriage. The disparity between her age and fortune and his own were incongruities of greater magnitude with her than with him; but were at length surmounted, and the union consummated. She survived, however, but three years; and her death shrouded the mind of Mr. Howard in the deepest gloom. This event was a prelude to another in the series.

The memorable earthquake in Lisbon, which occurred November 1, 1755, followed by the fall of every church, convent, and nearly every large public building in the city, and more than one-fourth of all the houses, had just transpired. As it oc-

curred on a holiday, when the churches and convents were full of people, the destruction of life was vast and awful: out of a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, thirty thousand were destroyed! To add to the calamity, fires broke out within two hours after the shock in different quarters, and raged with such violence, for some three days, that the city was completely desolated. This dreadful catastrophe engaged the attention of all Europe. Immediately Howard resolved to hasten to the scene, to relieve the unparalleled sufferings of the survivors. But Providence had other designs. A seven years' war between France and England was then in progress. The Hanover, in which Howard took passage, was captured by one of that swarm of privateers which hovered on the western coast of Europe, and the crew and passengers were carried into the port of Brest, where the philanthropist took his first lesson in prison life—learning both by experience and observation; for the prisoners were treated with the greatest barbarity. Before they were taken on shore, they were kept fortyeight hours without food or water! On shore they were crowded together in a dungeon, damp, dark, and filthy beyond description, several hours more, without nourishment. But he was no sooner restored, on parol, to the liberty of the town, than he began portraying the privations and sufferings of the inmates of the prison in which he had been confined. He made application to the Commissioners of sick and wounded seamen, with a success which secured him the gratitude of those whose miseries were mitigated, or who were released through his influence.

Passing a term of some eighteen years in his life, filled with a variety of comparatively unimportant events-such as his second marriage, a second trip to the south of Europe, as far as Italy, for the benefit of his health-we come to another, perhaps the crowning event in the series-his election to the sheriffalty of Bedford. The prison of Bedford was memorable for having been, about one hundred years before, tenanted by the celebrated John Bunyan. Within its walls he wrote his immortal Pilgrim's Progress. Here Howard's career of prison inspection was commenced in earnest. Here, in the discharge of his official duties, his eyes were for the first time fully opened to the enormities practiced against the tenants of English prisons by their keepers. As an example, some prisoners, against whom the grand jury had found no bill-some whose prosecutors did not appear against themwere dragged back to jail, till they should pay sundry fees to the jailer and clerk of assize! He laid the matter before the bench of justices, who, though they were deeply affected with the injustice and severity, and willing to grant the desired relief, were compelled to let such things take their wonted course, because they had no precedent for charging the county with such expenses. Hence, though the imprisoned debtor had arranged and settled with his creditor, he could not be discharged

unless he could pay the jailer's fee, to the amount of fifteen shillings four pence, and the turnkey two shillings. In default of his ability to raise these sums—though competent tribunals had pronounced him at liberty-he was thrust back in his dungeon, literally to rot; for in those days that common phrase of the relentless creditor had the naked and terrible significance of truth. The same course was pursued toward persons accused of crime declared to be innecent; for, though innocent, a poor man might be imprisoned for life. Such crying injustice roused all the energies of the philanthropist's mind. How defective must have been the criminal code of England, when a man might be left to die of starvation or fever in jail for not being guilty of crime! He might be hanged for breaking a hop-band in Kent, or stealing an old coat, of the value of five shillings, in Middlesex! And yet, let it be remembered, this was the age of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan, of Daley and Howard, of Wesley and Blackstone.

A glance at the state of the prison-world in England will show what it was before and when Howard commenced his reformatory career. The number and comparatively low grade of crimes capitally punished should first be noticed. More than one hundred and sixty crimes were punished with death! For stealing a skein of thread, a pair of shoes, a piece of cheese, or any thing to the value of one shilling, the criminal's life must pay the forfeiture! For lower offenses, and as a commutation for the death penalty, transportation for a term of years, or for life, was sometimes inflicted. This mode of ridding the country of outlaws seems to have been generally adopted about the year 1718. Banishment is said to have been introduced during the reign of Elizabeth, in the latter half of the sixteenth century; and the English plantations in North America were the receptacles of transported convicts. Virginia, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland were the districts which received the greatest accession to their population from this cause. This outlet was closed against England at the Revolution of 1776, which led the parent country, after the lapse of several years, to fix upon New South Wales as a substitute. Transportation to that continent commenced in 1787, and was continued for nearly sixty years. The sad results of pouring a constant stream of guilt and depravity into the colonies at Botany Bay and Van Dieman's Land counteracting so effectually all efforts to renovate the corrupt mass, the inexpediency and injustice of the procedure has recently called forth the pens of such men as Archbishop Whately in condemnation of the measure; so that the policy is now in a state of abeyance.

Next to the evil of embracing too much in the class of crimes punishable with death, the mode of its infliction should also be considered. Such is the structure of the human mind, that the impression made upon it in witnessing spectacles of a moving or shocking tendency is sure to be weakened and diminished in proportion to frequency and familiarity. On this principle, hanging for petty offenses not only renders executions frequent, but the frequency of public executions makes the great mass familiar with such tragic scenes. The result naturally was, is, and will be, to convert this policy, though adopted for the prevention of crime, into an occasion of its commission, and that in a fearfully increasing ratio. In the public execution of one felon for theft or robbery the occasion was seized upon for the commission of twenty more. At this rate it is obvious what a state of society such a criminal policy must induce. And this, too, saving nothing of the stultifying and obdurating tendency of substituting undue severity in the punishment of crime for the certainty of its due infliction.

But while the policy toward prisoners, when Howard's investigations commenced, bore with painful and revolting severity upon criminals, it fell with still greater weight upon imprisoned debtors. It is impossible, in the space we can devote to the subject, to give an adequate idea of the enormities then practiced by warders against the unfortunate persons incarcerated within the walls under their custody. Our limits preclude the citation of examples for illustration. A mere bird's-eye view of this part of British economy must suffice. Imagine, then, the prisons farmed out to the keeper who would pay the highest rent for the situation, and he receiving no fee fixed by law from the county for his services, and yet, in some instances, paying as high as £40 a year; for which outlay, together with all his other expenses, he must look both for indemnification and profits to the income derived from the tenants of the prison, remembering, at the same time, that no rations, as to quantity or quality of food, was provided by law for prisoners, whether debtors or criminals, all being left to the charity of friends and strangers, or to the tender mercies and cupidity of such inhuman creatures as prison warders then generally were, for their precarious and scanty subsistence. To this add the circumstance of allowing the imprisoned of both sexes-no matter what the disparity in age, grades of character, or degrees of crime with which they were implicated, or whether charged with any crime but that of being poor-to mingle together daily in the same prison-yard. The payment of garnish, which, by the law of custom, was extorted from the new-comer by the older occupants, must also be included. This consisted in furnishing a bumper of wine or other beverage from the grocery, to be shared among the old prisoners as an initiation fee from the novitiate. Saying nothing of badly constructed rooms, dirty, underground, damp, unventilated, unwarmed, sickly, crowded dungeons, which must all be placed in the foreground of the picture, you have data sufficient to enable you to make your own estimate of what must have been the aggravated torments of prisoners left to the mercy of cruel, extortionate, but irresponsible

keepers. Such was the character, not only of Newgate, and that other ancient prison in London, called the Fleet, but of prisons generally in England, when Howard in 1773, as sheriff of Bedford, began to explore the prison-world of England and of Europe.

Mr. Howard was now fully devoted to his vocation as a philanthropist. He visited prisons in different countries; and such was the interest awakened in the public on this subject, to which the report of facts as to the treatment of prisoners, the knowledge of which, derived from his personal inspection, had so largely contributed, that a committee in Parliament was not only appointed on the subject, and he examined before the bar of the house of commons, but he received the formal thanks of that body for the light his investigations had shed upon the question.

At this period-1775-is dated the commencement of his inspections of the prison-world on the continent. To trace him from place to place is precluded by our limits. The collection of a vast amount of facts, both at home and abroad, in which he had spent some three years, prepared the way for the publication of his great work, entitled, "The State of Prisons," in which the chief points to which attention is invited are the following: "The want of a fixed amount of food; dark, damp, and noisome dungeons; inconvenient sites; tyranny of petty officers; extortion of interested keepers; want of room and of bedding, or straw; pernicious custom of selling spirits in the jail; promiscuous intercourse and contamination of age and sex, tried and untried; the use of irons; garnish; gaming; and fees." The appearance of this work created an extraordinary sensation, and at once established the reputation of its author as a philanthropist and benefactor of mankind. It "made and marked an epoch in the history of social jurisprudence. From that date the attempt to reform criminals acquired a substantive form and character. Before then, all who had offended against the law of society were abandoned, cast away, as so much humanity absolutely lost."

Passing an eventful trip of Howard to the south of Europe, with new surveys in England, Scotland, Ireland, we come down to 1779, distinguished for an act of Parliament which provided for the building of two penitentiary houses, in Middlesex, Surry, Kent, or Essex, with a view to try the experiment of home correctional discipline. Howard was first named, with others, to supervise the undertakingan office he was reluctant on many accounts to accept, mostly from its interference with his purposes and plans of life. Difficulties soon arose respecting the location, plan, etc., of the establishments; and the death of the celebrated Judge Blackstone and Dr. Fothergill, who had warmly seconded the views and measures of Howard, occurring at this time, he resigned, and the whole enterprise proved a magnificent failure. This event connects with the adoption of Botany Bay as the place of transpor-

tation in 1787.

This marked another era in Howard's life. He must hence be viewed in his individual character, prosecuting, as the single object of his life, which extended through the next ten years, his mission to the imprisoned world. Enlarging the sphere of his survey, passing through Holland, Denmark, Sweden. to St. Petersburg, visiting the prisons, to which he had free access, he saw an example of punishment by the knout, so celebrated as a substitute for capital punishment. He determined to his own satisfaction as to the nature of this most cruel of all flagellations. The victims of punishment were a man and a woman: the former received sixty blows, and the latter twenty-five. Calling at the prison a few days after, he found the woman in a very weak state; the man he could not find. This led him to interrogate the executioner, in order to satisfy his suspicions whether the knout were not the Russian gallows. The executioner confessed that he could inflict the knout so as to cause death in a day or two; that he often received orders so to do; that the last man so punished had died; that the knout is made fatal "by one or two strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of the flesh." satisfied Howard that the vaunted mildness of Russian criminal treatment was all an empty boast. The following description of the instrument of this mode of punishment will enable the reader to judge as to the correctness of this conclusion: The handle of the knout is about two feet long, more or less, to which is fastened a flat leather thong, twice the length of the handle, terminating with a large copper or brass ring; to this ring is fixed a strap of hide about two inches broad at the ring, terminating, at the end of two feet, in a point. This is soaked in milk, and dried in the sun, to make it harder; and should it fall, in striking the culprit, on the edge, it would cut like a penknife. No wonder "a few strokes on the side carry off large pieces of the flesh."

Returning from this tour, Howard made a voyage to Portugal and Spain, having access, as usual, to the prisons which fell in his way in both countries. At Valladolid he used every effort to explore the Spanish Inquisition in that city; but, as might be expected, neither the weight of his character nor the benevolence of his mission gained him access to its horrid dungeons-its apartments and apparatus of torture. These "dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty," were not to be subjected to the scrutinizing gaze of heretical eyes,

unless those of the hapless victim.

Of his eventful journey through France to Italy, with a view to inspect the Lazarettos, and his voyage to Smyrna and Constantinople, to inquire into the nature and cure of that dreadful scourge, the plague, which prevails with so much fatality in those regions, and of his return voyage in a ship with a foul bill of health, his sea-fight, and quarantine at Venice, we have not space to speak. But we should not pass without a note the most painful source of domestic affliction with which he had

ever been visited—the mental aberration of his son, the last of the Howards. His grief and disappointment in this sole off-shoot of his family cast a deep gloom over his setting sun, and no doubt hastened its decline. Little did he suspect that his own servant, whom he had honored with companionship in his missions to different kingdoms, led his son into those habits which resulted in his loss of reason and of life. Ignorance saved the confiding master and the doting parent from a pang doubly excruciating. It would have been

quite insupportable. His son sent to an asylum, his will made, parting leave taken with his friends at Cardington-a place now invested with associations of sadness almost intolerable-he resolved on one more tour into Russia and European Turkey, under a presentiment that it would be his last. Proceeding through Germany to St. Petersburg and Moscow, he reached Chershon, on the Black Sea, where he arrived about the end of 1789. Here he closed his life and his labors, on the 20th of January, 1790, dying of a virulent and infectious fever prevailing at the time in the town and vicinity, induced by a cold and tedious ride, on a rainy and wintry night, to visit a young lady of distinction at the point of death, some twenty-four miles distant. From her he took the disease that proved fatal in both.

Thus, after consuming thirty years of his life, traveling an aggregate of forty-two thousand miles, and spending some £30,000, the philanthropist closed his earthly toils and sufferings among strangers, fifteen hundred miles from his native soil.

Mr. Howard was a devotedly pious man, of the Puritan stamp. He traced a path untrodden by other men. "He will receive," said Burke, "not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who visit the prisoner; and he has so forestalled and monopolised this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHUM.

BY B. G. C.

"Who shall weep when the righteons die?
Who shall moorn when the good depart?
When the soul of the godly away shall fly,
Who shall lay the loss to heart?
He has gone into peace, he has laid him down,
To sleep till the dawn of a brighter day:
And he shall wake on that holy morn,
When sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

In the opening of the spring of 184— I bade adieu to home and friends, and after a pleasant trip by steamboat, cars, and stage, the old gray walls of —— College stood before me, venerable in years. I had looked upon her cupola and walked her pretty campus before; but sickness had driven me from her halls, and the advice of an affectionate

mother had detained me at home. I had now returned, after the lapse of eighteen months, to find strange faces around me where once all were familiar. Seating myself at the table of our boardinghouse, I looked around to see how many new students were present. There was one among the rest whose winning countenance caught my eye, and arrested my attention. He possessed a handsome form, though rather delicate, a visage somewhat thin, but a quick, black eye. I was much pleased with his appearance and general deportment, and inquired of a quondam student his name. "He, sir, is young G., and a very fine fellow he is."

- sent for A few days passed, when Professor me. On entering his studio, "You request a pious chum," he said. "I think young G. will suit you exactly." In a short time we found ourselves, though comparative strangers, occupying the same room. Rapidly did the spring session pass away; and though far from home, and separated from paternal care, we were happy. Our one object was the same-to seek knowledge; and delightfully rolled away those hours, as we sipped together at this Pierian spring; and, when late at night, weary with study, we would sit and talk of home and friends, then read a chapter in the Bible, and kneel together in silent prayer. Precious to the memory are those halcyon hours. Vacation came. We listened with pleasure to the eloquent addresses of the graduating class, and anticipated our turn. A hundred hearts were made happy on that bright day. Some of the parents, who, four years before, had committed their sons to strangers' hands, were present now to hear their earnest appeal. All praised the loveliness of the day. The afternoon was taken up in busy preparation. The cars lay resting for the morrow; the stages waited in silence their turn. My chum stood by my side to bid me farewell. I never shall forget that hour. We were warmly attached to each other; our hearts were knit together. He stood a moment, spoke of the pleasant hours we had spent together, looked quickly around the room, then taking my hand, bade me a long adieu. The whistle of the cars announced their departure. I walked across the campus as the cars were passing by. Once more I saw him. It was the last time. We interchanged mutual smiles, and bowed

I returned home to enjoy the society of those I loved. My chum returned home, and, by his presence, cheered a father's heart, and made glad a fond mother's soul. His affectionate sisters shed a tear of joy, as each one tendered him a welcome kiss.

Such was the pleasure he instilled.

Vacation fled rapidly. I had heard nothing of my chum, till on my return to college. I was sitting in a large stage nearly filled with passengers, several of whom were on their way to attend the annual commencement of the College at G. Among those travelers was a young gentleman, sitting near me. In the course of our conversation he mentioned the town of M. The name was familiar to

my ear, for I had often heard my chum speak of home and friends. "Do you know young G.?" I inquired, rather hastily. "O yes, very well. I saw him a short time before I left home." "Was he well, sir?" "No, he was quite sick, though not dangerously ill." Our conversation was now interrupted by the stopping of the stage. Night had almost insensibly drawn in her sable curtains. The city was brightly illuminated. The next day the hearts of the graduating class beat high with hope, and very creditable to themselves and their instructors were their performances. On the evening of the same day I returned to C., and was hastening to my room with a happy heart, when, to my utter astonishment, a friendly voice saluted me with those mournful words, "C., your chum is dead!" "Is it possible!" I thought. "Can it be?" It was enough. I entered my room, shut the door, and sat down in silent grief. I looked around that room: there was his desk, his bed, and his books, just as he had left them, but where was he? Reader, I felt deeply; I wept.

I had been home enjoying myself in the society of loved ones, and now had returned and seated myself in the room where, two short months ago, we had parted: how different now all things looked! He, too, went home, and by his presence gladdened the hearts of a large circle of attached friends; but he had not returned. The thought at parting that we should meet no more obtruded not itself upon us; for in his accustomed health, with the rose still reposing upon his cheek, he had left us; yet death had robbed him of his youthful beauties, and borne

him away to the grave.

His sickness was of short duration-a few weeks closed the scene. But, could medical skill have availed, could the kindness of affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters, who wept around his couch to the last, have saved him, then my young friend would not have died. "His career, though short, ended in peace." Methinks I see that venerable father approach his bed, and taking him by the hand, just "as the silver cord was being loosed," exclaim, in faltering accents, "My dear Thomas, you must die!" and hear him answer, in the language of the expiring Summerfield, "I have a hope of which I trust I shall not be ashamed." "But, pa," he continued, "I thought that I was getting better; and is it true that I must leave you all? I determined always to be a decided Christian." Now that holy man of God, Rev. J. W****, entered the room, and having questioned him closely, and cheered his departing spirit with the precious promises of God, kneeled down, and prayed with him. Reader, it was a melting scene-

" Privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, Quite on the verge of heaven."

There sat his weeping father, holding the hand of his son—that hand was growing cold in death. "My dear Thomas, is Jesus still precious?" he inquired. "Yes," he distinctly said, and spoke but little after this. He was calm and pleasant, but

continued to sink, till at precisely 11 o'clock, P. M., September 10th, he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Creator. So gently did he fall asleep in the arms of Jesus, that his departure was

not marked even by a sigh.

Sympathy elicited a letter from me to his parents. Very soon I received an answer, requesting me to visit them. This I did a few months afterward. Never will I forget that visit. It was a dark, cold night that we crossed the mountain in the stage. We entered the little town in the peaceful valley. Every thing was still. Lights brightened up each dwelling as we passed rapidly on. Presently the stage stopped. I got out, and was accosted by a fine-looking young man. "Is this Mr. O.?" "Yes, sir," I replied. We shook hands. It was my chum's brother; the family expected me on this evening, and he had come to bid me welcome.

We walked together to the house; the parlor door was opened; I entered, and was introduced to the family. I well remember my feelings. There sat the mother and the sisters of my departed friend, clad in the habiliments of mourning. Though I stood a stranger there, the welcome I received soon assured me that I was among my friends. They soon began to speak of their loss; and though I tried to console them, yet the tear unbidden would often steal down their cheeks. One evening, at twilight's tranquil hour, when all things seemed calm and still, I stood alone by the grave of my young friend, and, as a flood of recollections came crowding in upon me, I could but exclaim,

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my [college] days:
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise!"

He reposes near the Methodist Episcopal church in that quiet town; a tombstone marks his resting-place; and as often as his pious parents worship in that temple, they are reminded of the spirit of their sainted son worshiping "in that temple not made by hands, eternal in the heavens." There, too, his devoted sisters are wont to sing the song of Zion, and

"Think of the happy days gone by,
And weep the tear of memory."

When I remember that Jesus wept at the grave of his friend, and think how natural it is for us "to weep with those who weep," I will not say even now, Sisters, weep not; but

"" Weep'—for your tears are sister's tears, In memory of a brother dead; But be each drop, in future years, Bright gems to deck his sainted head."

Though now far away from the tomb of my chum, yet, as oft as pensive memory shall bear me back over the flight of years, I will drop a tear sacred to the memory of T. H. G.

THE weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold and cheerful spirit.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY PLEASIUS.

INTRODUCTION.

I have in my possession, Mr. Editor, the original manuscript of an unpublished autobiography of one of the early settlers of the west, written solely for the use of his family, at their request, and not intended for publication. It comprises about twelve hundred quarto pages, and embraces a period of more than sixty years of his life, bringing the personal narrative down to the close of 1850. The subject of the memoir has been a private member of the Methodist Episcopal Church about fifty years, and forty-seven years a resident of the west.

Coming from the private walks of life, and desirous only to "act well his part" in the humble sphere in which Providence had placed him,

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife, His sober wishes never learned to stray; Along the cool, sequestered vale of life He kept the noiseless tenor of his way."

A life thus spent in obscurity could not, then, be expected to present any points of interest, beyond the little circle of his own family and friends. Yet the pages of this work contain some passages, which, perhaps, would not be devoid of interest to others also. Among these are,

Pictures of rustic life among the mountains of Pennsylvania, in Western Virginia, and elsewhere. Historical sketches of passing events of the times. Biographical notices, anecdotes, and incidents.

Historical notices of the introduction of Methodism, and of remarkable revivals of religion where he resided.

Passages in his personal narrative, etc.

It has occurred to me, Mr. Editor, that some chapters from this work might be acceptable to a portion of your readers—those who relish narrative pieces more than the grave didactic. Although written in the plain, unadorned style of an unlettered "backwoodsman," and not with any view to publication, an occasional chapter might, perhaps, serve to give greater variety, as a kind of light reading, to your pages, when they are laden with the sich and polished dissertations of your able and more learned contributors.

With this view I propose, Mr. Editor, if you approve of the idea, to send you a chapter monthly; and herewith submit a brief one, as the first of the series.

CHAPTER I.

Mountains of Pennsylvanis—Narrows of Tuscarora—Mountain Scenery—Whortleberry Fatches—Round-Top Mountain—Path Valley—Reflections—A Log-Cabin—Youthful Home—Pleasant Recollections.

The young reader who has never traveled beyond the fertile plains or rich, undulating table-lands of the west, can scarcely form a just conception of the towering mountains which are found in many parts

of the Atlantic and northern states. To go no farther north, let such a one visit the mountainous regions of central Pennsylvania, and behold its romantic scenery, and look upon its beautiful and now well-cultivated vales, and gaze upon its cloud-capped mountains, and inhale the pure breezes on their lofty summits, and we think he will, in a thrill of transport, exclaim, "The half has not been told me!" We have now in our mind's eye a portion of that region, which, wild and rugged as it was, near fifty years ago, when we last looked upon it, memory still loves to recall.

The "Narrows" through the Tuscarora Mountain is a remarkable gorge, by which it is completely severed in twain. This disruption was probably caused by the breaking through of the waters of a lake, which may have covered the extensive valley on its south-east side. Through this gorge, dashing along among the rocks which fill and obstruct its bed, flows a creek, formed by the junction of two smaller streams at its south-west entrance, and which, soon after passing the gorge, falls into the Tuscarora creek, in the valley of the same name. In passing through this narrow defile, the traveler can scarcely fail to experience a kind of awe on beholding its wild and rugged aspect. The disruptured ends of the mountain rise from the banks of the creek with an acclivity too abrupt to be ascended without great difficulty, and are covered with large, loose, moss-grown rocks, piled one upon another, almost to its lofty and narrow summit. The banks of the creek were studded with large, tall, white pine-trees, whose dense, perennial foliage, in some places, turns midday into somber twilight. One of these venerable pines was once, and, perhaps, is still, the corner of four counties.

The mountain scenery hereabouts, and over several counties to the north and west, is beautiful, wild and romantic though it be. The mountainsides are very precipitous—often rocky and naked—with summits reared up into the region of the clouds, and some of them not exceeding fifteen or twenty yards in breadth. From the very verge of these narrow summits the steepest part of the declivity, on each side, commences, and continuing at about the same angle of descent two-thirds the distance down, it gradually slopes off at a less angle, till the base is reached. Standing on one of these narrow summits, with a beautiful and wellcultivated valley spread out on each side, far down below you, the view is really enchanting, and you feel almost giddy while gazing first on one side and then on the other, and instinctively take hold of the limb of a stunted sapling near you, to save yourself from precipitation over the verge. The travel across these mountains was, at the time we speak of, in paths dug out, in a zigzag line, like a worm-fence. Wagon roads were made only through the low gaps; and these were few and far between. Numerous fields of loose rock, covering many acres in extent, are seen on the northern declivity of these mountains-none, we believe, on the southern. The

rocks are a gray sandstone, or, as commonly called, "freestone," and are no where found in situ, but in loose bowlders, some of them several tons in weight, and having the appearance of being more or less rounded at their angles by attrition. On these fields of rock neither trees nor other vegetation is found, excepting the moss with which they are covered.

The prevailing timber on the mountain-sides is chestnut-oak, mixed with some chestnut, and stunted hickory and other timber, and with groves of yellow or pitch pine; but the chestnut is usually found in abundance on the broader and level summits, and on the sloping mountain spurs, near their base. The narrow valleys, or glens, between these spurs, produce groves of sugar maple, with poplar and linden; and in the valleys between the mountains are forests of majestic white pine, of great hight and size. Extensive fields of the finest, large, blue whortleberry are common on these mountain-sides. They grow on a slender little shrub, of ten or twelve inches in hight, with very small leaf; and so abundant are these little bushes, and so laden with fruit, that when ripe they present a most delicious appearance-the whole surface of the patch assuming the hue of the berry.

The Round-Top Mountain is situate on the south-east of Tuscarora Mountain, and near to it, leaving but a narrow vale between. Running along from the north-east, and parallel with the latter mountain, it juts into the head of Path Valley, and terminates abruptly about two miles west of the Tuscarora Narrows, before described. It received its name from its rounded appearance at this point, when viewed from a few miles down Path Valley.

Path Valley commences at the Tuscarora Narrows, and extends in a south-west direction, having that mountain for its boundary on the north-west, and Sherman's Mountain, we think, on the southeast. Its length is about thirty miles, with an average breadth of four or five miles, being only three at the end of Round-Top. From the summit of that mountain, at its termination, in the head of Path Valley, the view of that valley-the finest in all that mountain range—is magnificent. Along its whole extent, and high up the sides of the mountains, on either hand, it is now covered with well-cultivated farms, and dotted with pleasant villages. And in the summer, when the rich fields of grain are ripe for the harvest, and the green pastures covered with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, the view from the stand-point mentioned is enchanting, and can scarcely be surpassed in beauty by any thing of the kind.

And while, on the one hand, the sublimity and grandeur of the mountain scenery we have referred to can scarcely fail to excite, in the contemplative beholder, a deeper reverence for Him by whom "the mountains were brought forth," on the other, the delightful landscape presented by the rich, intervening valleys will inspire a thrill of gratitude to

him "who openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing," and

"Who makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn."

On the eastern slope of the mountain spur, by the side of a little bubbling rill, at the base of Round-Top Mountain, and one mile west of the "Narrows" of Tuscarora, before mentioned, stood, about fifty years ago, a small, low, rough-looking log-cabin. In its construction and furniture this cabin may be taken, with some slight variations, as a fair specimen of the rude habitations of the early settlers in that mountainous and then obscure region; and, for the amusement of those readers who have never seen such, we will here describe it.

In its dimensions it was some sixteen by eighteen feet square, and about eight feet high, and was constructed of round, unbarked, chestnut-oak logs, of twelve or fourteen inches diameter. The floor, the roof, and the loft were formed of rough slabs from a neighboring saw-mill, flat on one side and round on the other. Those of which the floor was formed were straightened on the edges with an ax, laid with the flat sides up, and fastened down on the "sleepers" with wooden pins, driven into auger holes. The spaces between the logs were chinked with billets of wood, and daubed with clay mortar mixed with straw, and laid on and smoothed with the hand or a wooden spatula. At one end of the cabin was an outside wooden chimney, nine feet wide and five feet deep, with stone back-wall, sides, and hearth. On one side of the cabin was a rough batten door, hung on wooden hinges, and furnished with a wooden latch, lifted from the outside by means of a leather string, passing through a gimlet hole in the door, and tied to the latch. Opposite to the door was a window of nine lights, of eight by ten inch glass, through which, and down the spacious chimney, came all the light which was admitted when the door was shut. The chimney, indeed, shed abundance of light upon and around the wide hearth; and in the winter season the blazing fire, supplied with pine knots, gathered on the mountain-side, and split up for the purpose, furnished all the light needed for working or reading, by the little family which occupied it.

The furniture consisted of a plain pine table, a few "split-bottomed" chairs, two poplar low-post bedsteads, with bedding "to match," one or two old-fashioned chests to hold clothing, etc.; a plain looking-glass, some twelve by fifteen inches, hung against the wall near the window; a few small board shelves in one corner, near the chimney, resting on wooden pins, and underneath them a broad slab, on which to set the pots, skillets, etc. The shelves were decorated with a few pewter plates and spoons, knives and forks, "delf" cups and saucers, tin cups and crockery ware, with the other little etcaterus.

In the cabin which is here described there is nothing at all worthy of note as differing from hundreds of others, every-where found in the "back-

woods;" and the only apology we have for giving it is, that it was the youthful home of the subject of the memoir from which these chapters are taken, and whom we introduce to the reader as Mr. W. Here he spent several of the happiest years of his early life; and although it is nearly half a century since the old cabin was razed to the ground, and its foundation upturned by the plowshare, yet the remembrance of it, with the localities and wild scenery-the hills, and rocks, and glens aroundhe still cherishes. And among his most pleasant recollections are the neat little "bower of prayer," which he constructed of clapboards, and floored with straw, in a distant fence-corner; and the deep, solitary glens and thickets adjacent, into which he used to retire at eventide, in the summer, for sweet meditation and prayer, while yet but a youth of fifteen years old.

Farther reminiscences are reserved for the next

chapter.

REFLECTIONS AT LUCY'S GRAVE.

BY AWWA.

Thou art gone! Thou art known no more among mortals but by recollection! Since thou hast passed away, the bright flowers, the beautiful green leaves, the small running brooks, and all the glories of spring have passed away, too. As I stand here by thy lonely grave, the sear leaves falling around me remind me that so are my friends yearly dropping, and that I am like to one of them. The few short months since thou hast left us have had their lights and shades. We who are left in the world have had our seasons of sorrowing and rejoicing. We have seen our friends laid low in death, and our brightest hopes die. But yesterday the feet of the busy multitude pressed this spot, as they committed to the dust one whom all loved-one who was praised by all. He was the hope of a large family, the comfort of an aged father; but he lives no more on earth. He lives with God in heaven. Thou art gone, fair and lovely Lucy, but thou art not lost. From the bright evidence you left behind, and the words of confidence you gave to us, we know your spirit lives in heaven. Often have we seen you suffer here, but you suffer now no longer. Thy trials are ended, and thy sorrows ceased. To us the winds and snows of winter have come; but

> "The storm that wrecks the wintry sky, No more disturbs thy sweet repose, Than summer evening's latest sigh That shuts the rose."

We often have seasons of enjoyment here; but they are brief, and are too often followed by dark, desponding ones. But thy seasons of joy last forever. Thy dust sleeps with us. Well, let it sleep on, till the trumpet of God shall sound,

> "Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, And in thy Savior's image rise."

MY DAUGHTER IN PRISON.

The following lines were addressed by a mother to a daughter in the Lanatic Asylum, Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, who became insure on the death of a fondly cherished brother.

> My own, my dear and gentle child, Would I could see thee now, And rest beneath the sunny smile That used to crown thy brow!

But, ah! that smile has fied and gone, In train with youthful years— A mourner sad thou pinest on, In sorrow and in tears.

Affliction's garb, my gentle one,
Hath wrapt thee with its folds—
Hath wrestled reason from her throne,
Far from thy own control;

Hath taken from thy lovely side
One far more dear than life—
One in whose heart thou couldst confide
Thy every care and strife.

He loved thee with that pure, fond love,
That ever burns so clear—
A brother's holy, fervent love,
Which time can never sear.

But weep not for thy brother, child; Drive sadness from thy breast; Dost thou not know his spirit mild Dwells in a nobler rest?

Didst thou not mark its gentle flight,
When angels seemed to say,
Come with us to that world of light—
To realms of endless day?

Like dew-drops which the flowerets quaff,
Thy beauty was to all;
And hark! I hear thy silvery laugh,
Olear as the wood-dove's call.

But grief has racked thy noble mind,
That once was glad and free;
And deep despair, with gloom combined,
Forever circles thee.

THE DYING SWAN.

The following picture from Tennyson's Dying Swan is drawn with exquisite delicacy.

Some blue peaks in the distance rose, And white against the cold-white sky Shone out their crowning snows.

One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above, in the wind, was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will;
And far through the marish green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE.

BY PRIPRESON WILLIAM WELLS.

The struggles of the brave Magyars against the tyranny of Austria have, for the last two years, occupied a large portion of public attention, and brought out the heroic nation in bold relief before the world. Hungary was till very lately a sealed book to the many; but the eye of investigation is now being turned toward her noble rivers and vast resources, and whatever relates to the country has become of interest, and especially so to the American nation, as we feel a deep sympathy for those who, like us, have offered up their blood at the altar of their country for their country's sake, but who still pant for that independence which we so long enjoy.

It was a proud moment for the Magyar nation, when it rose, in its assembled Diet, as one man, to assist its youthful but persecuted Queen, and, with one voice, nearly stifled with enthusiasm, exclaimed, "Moriamur pro REGE nostro, Maria Theresa!"-Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa! But in these patriotic words lay the secret of Austrian oppression: the Magyars were destitute of the strongest support to nationality; namely, a national language. In their Diet and in their public documents, Latin was the medium for the transaction of their affairs, to the exclusion of their native tongue. The latter was confined to the masses; and was thus not only degraded, but deprived of all means of arriving at a higher degree of refinement, for want of culture by those whose talents and acquirements alone qualified them for this task. In later years, however, they have contended manfully for the supremacy of their mother tongue, and the strife, during the present century, has been brought to a successful issue.

The epoch of the elevation of Hungarian literature is of very modern date, for other plausible reasons: at a period when Germany was merely praying against the Turks, in the so-called "Turk's" prayers, Hungary was maintaining the severest contests against these deadly enemies of Christendom. To this was added the long struggle with the house of Hapsburg for religious and political freedom—a state of affairs most destructive to the development of literature.

The strong foothold of any language lies in the masses, though they may be uncultivated, and their first efforts at progress are through representations of a dramatic nature suited to their capacity; these, in their earliest history, consist of little more than popular stories, or legends, told in character; and we shall follow out this thread, and give the history of the drama as the progressive history of the literature of the country.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the literary historians—Mailath, Toldi, and Endrödi—but very indistinct traces of dramatic and poetic literature can be found in the middle ages. It is said of Ladislaus IV, who died in 1290, that he had mimics. at his court, and a monk of Pesth preached a crusade against dramatic songs toward the end of the fifteenth century. It is also related of the Turks, that their reason for marching against Louis II, at Mohacs, was because they heard that the Magyars were enervated by their mimic representations and festivals. There are not even fragments of these pieces to be found at present, and we are confined to mere suppositions. The most probable is, that the drama in Hungary, as in other places, was first a means of clothing mysteries in a garb to be represented to the people, and that about the middle of the fifteenth century it was alternately used for these and more worldly subjects. The first dramatic poetry in the Magyar language dates from the second half of the sixteenth century. The authors are Paul Karadi and Bornemisza: the former wrote a national piece, entitled Melchior Balassa; and the latter an imitation of the old Greek Electra, entitled Klytemnestra. They are both destitute of poetical worth.

Of the seventeenth century but two pieces are extant, and they are both mere curiosities, without internal worth. The one is a collection of allegories, destitute of taste, and fashioned after the style of Hans Sachs, the celebrated German shoemaker and ballad-singer of the early literary history of Germany. The persons are the mere incarnation of good or bad passions, with the exception of Death and Pluto, and the action consists of the contest between the good and the bad passions. In the beginning, the latter gain the victory, till Death comes and gives them to Pluto. With the individual parts, or songs, that make up this piece, are given the melodies of popular or martial songs; so that the whole formed a sort of singing festival, in airs well known to the people, and calculated to cherish their love of country. The second piece sung of the strife between Jupiter and Pluto, and was the production of Felvinczi. Other works of a patriotic tendency have been lost. This is the more to be regretted, as they treated of the battles fought by the Magyars against the Turks.

A proclamation of the Emperor Leopold I, in 1692, throws some light on things of that day. It was a privilege to present pieces in the Hungarian or Latin language at the diets or fairs, in cities or villages. In one respect it shines as an example that we of the nineteenth century might well profit by—nothing was to be brought before the people which was contrary to the strictest morality; and to insure this end, he who received the privilege was to lay his productions before the authorities who gave it, that this demand might not be evaded, but the moral tendency strictly preserved.

In the last century a competition of a strange nature nearly annihilated these wandering troops. We refer to the institutions of the Jesuits. They became the composers of dramatic poems, and their pupils the actors. It is, of course, not difficult to divine the nature and contents of their productions.

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A new period began in 1790, and the commencement of the present development. A number of dramatic poets sprung up in this period, whose works were in refined taste, and who did much toward elevating the standard of literature in Hungary. Of these the palm was carried off by Bessenyi, the leader of the French classical school of literature, who wrote several tragic poems in Alexandrine verse. By degrees there appeared in print about one hundred productions; some original, but mostly translations from the German, French, and English. Schiller, Goethe, Shakspeare, and Corneille were all given to the Magyars in their native tongue; and thus they became acquainted with the first masters, and received models to guide their own efforts.

In 1790, during the sessions of the Diet at Ofen, an effort was made to establish a troop for representations in the national language. It was but very poorly supported, and failed of success. The artistically cultivated portion of the public preferred the finely finished and mature German literature to the Hungarian in its origin and unpolished condition, and national enthusiasm, the only weapon against this dangerous competition, was lukewarm in the majority.

In the present century, till 1820, repeated efforts were made to place Hungarian dramatic literature on a level with the German. In the capital these efforts always failed; for what was done by the individual friends of the national literature, and by the authorities of Pesth, was without plan and

perseverance.

In the mean while the national feeling developed itself more and more, and found nourishment in many productions of worth. Among the authors most distinguished in this epoch stand Adam Horvath, Fay, and Kisfaludy. With the younger brother of the latter, Karl Kisfaludy, the present era of the Hungarian drama begins. His first productions are rather carelessly put together, on account of his great haste to provide a Hungarian society with means to foster the national spirit which was then reviving. No less than ten pieces were ready in a short time; and one of five acts, in iambics, was composed in less than a week. In his later works Kisfaludy has been less hasty, and has much improved. His fame rose rapidly; for which result he was, also, much indebted to the choice of subjects which he treated. In all his works, whether gay or serious, he remains strictly national, and never leaves the soil of his fathers. His tragedies treat of episodes in Hungarian history; and his lighter works are all intended to reform the habits of the masses, by throwing a flood of satire over low or superstitious customs. His easily acquired popularity encouraged many young and struggling poets to imitate his style, and thus brought to light many a youthful talent.

The foundation of a national society, under the title of the "Hungarian Academy," in 1830, was of immense benefit to literature in general, by bring-

ing its erratic supporters more to a focus, and thus combining efforts which were previously dispersed. The new Academy offered a prize of one hundred ducats alternately for the best drama and comedy. This called into life a very active rivalry; and, in many instances, the productions handed in were very creditable. These prize offers were, however, attended with one disadvantage: those who contended for them strove to satisfy the stern demands of esthetic critics, and left the great public unobserved; whereas the necessity of the case demanded a cultivation of public feeling and an elevation of public morals. But the desire of having a national school now became so rife, that these defects were overlooked; and these efforts may be considered the origin and successful foundation of the Magyar dramatic school. The authorities of Pesth engaged a troop, and contributed largely to their support. The celebrated author, Andreas Fay, was the first presiding officer. To give a firm footing to this institution, the Diet of 1839 made it a national affair, and endowed it with two hundred thousand dollars.

The undertaking was now no longer an experiment; and the much vexed question was settled at home, as to whether Hungarian literature was to be neglected, and none but exotic plants cultivated. The writers of the present day are numerous, and every year new ones appear on the field of action. Vorosmarty has acquired a high name among critics, and, at the same time, extraordinary fame as a lyric poet. He labors to refine the language, and neglects effect so long as his lyrics tend to elevate the sentiments of the people.

Many of the modern authors are deeply involved in the political contests of their country, and, as might be expected, the party watchwords play no unimportant part in their works; these, on the stage, have done their share toward stirring up the people to a sense of their oppression and a determination to redress their wrongs. The result is, that in the present moment the Austrian authorities forbid the representations of numbers of national

dramas.

Within a few years the Academy have appointed a special committee, whose business it is to examine the masterpieces of foreign literature, and decide which are most worthy of translation. After said decision, the Academy encourages their translation, by examining the work and well rewarding labors well performed. This praiseworthy procedure has been highly instrumental in enriching the national literature. Oalderon, Goethe, and Schiller are known to the Magyars through several translations; and a lady, Emelie Lemouton, has translated all the works of Shakspeare.

Having thus traced the Magyar through a vein most likely to give a clear idea of its progress to its present elevated position, we will pause a moment to consider its nature and origin. As to the latter, there is still much contention among the learned; there are those who speak of its affinity to the

oriental tongues as being the surest proof of its origin, and others show its strong similarity to the language of the Finns and Laplanders. One circumstance in relation to it is remarkable; and that is, its total dissimilarity to the tongues which how surround it: it bears no resemblance to any of the Slavonic dialects. It might be supposed that so long a commingling of the races would have produced some impression on the language; but this is not the fact. The Slavonians of Dalmatia, Illyria, Servia, Bohemia, etc., understand each other without difficulty, although the dialects are different; they can even converse with Poles and Russians, but not with Magyars. Here the barrier is insurmountable; and this is one and the grand cause of the hostility of the Slavenic tribes to the Magyars in the late contest. It was, to a certain extent, a strife as to tongue. The millions of Slavonians within the borders of Hungary are also cultivating their national language, and, as their position in the country is a subordinate one, it naturally produces heartburnings and jealousies

The oriental origin of the Magyars is no where more strongly expressed than in their legends and stories. These are not, as among the nations of Roman origin, confined to nurseries and spinningwheels, whence they will also soon be driven by reason and steam. Among Hungarian soldiers and peasants are to be found story-tellers, who will sit for hours and relate the most wonderful events to the inexpressible delight of their hearers. All that is new and striking to them they draw within the circle of their story, and form according to their fancy. In the old French wars a group of high trees stood near Valegia: these were called by the hussars the garden of Argyless; and the latter is the wonderful prince of whom the Hungarian storytellers relate hundreds of the most adventurous undertakings. And thus the most attractive legends, whose origin can be traced to other lands, are frequently found, in Magyar dress, in the juvenile circle or at the shepherd's fire; for, during hours of repose, the labors of the field, in the night, during the vintage, on the heaths, or in the forests, young and old resort to the story-teller for their sement and pastime.

Mailath tells a story of a maiden of Wallachia whom he met in his travels, and who was renowned, far and near, for her beauty and wonderful capacity of relating legends: her name was "Gilly;" and, as he entered the house, he found her, like a fullblown flower among rose-buds, in the midst of a circle of beautiful children, telling the story of the wonderful King Dezebalus, who had buried his riches in a river, and that swordfish then came and so guarded his treasures that they could never again be obtained. She then told of the lily with two golden eyes, and such eyes as men never saw before in their beauty. With these a king's son fell in love; and then he left his father's house, and started out into the world, determined to free the princess from her prison; for the lily is a charmed princess in the shape of a flower. These are decidedly oriental in their character, and discover a high degree of poetic conception.

Below we give a Magyar legend, which shows a deep, devotional feeling, and one which pervades the peasant population of many regions of the country. The original is from the pen of Von Pulsky.

WENZEL DRUGETH.

All Zemplin knew the magic powers of the Healing spring of the wild and rocky mountains of the frontier; poor and rich sought in it an alleviation of all bodily ills. Countless numbers there found the health they had lost, but each one forget the thanks due to its waters, till at last a poor beggar, to whom the water of the spring had restored his sight, built a little chapel near the spring, with the money that he had received during a long life from the sympathy of men. It was small and simple, but a testimony of his deep-felt thanks.

No gold glittered on the walls, and no purple surrounded the holy image; but still, among the poor and humble that lived in its vicinity, were found many devoted hearts, and the little chapel never remained without garlands, nor the holy image without the ornament of fresh flowers; and when the first Sunday after harvest had come round, a grateful and devoted band moved with waving banners and voices joined in the harmony of song, in solemn procession, to the little chapel.

It was on such a Sunday of midsummer, when Wenzel Drugeth, the lord of the manor, was hunting in his extensive forests, regardless of the holiness of the Sabbath day. The hounds yelled, the rifles cracked, and the game fell; but as twilight came creeping on, the sound of the horns died away, and the hunters were turning homeward, led by Drugeth on his proud steed. As he left the thicket, and came into the open meadow near the spring, where stood the chapel, the notes of holy songs reached his ear through the stillness of the evening hour, and the soft breeze of the sunset swelled the banners followed by the devoted pilgrims. At this sight Drugeth's horse shied, sprang suddenly forward, the noble knight fell, and his arm was broken. Rage now filled the bosom of the wounded man; he ordered his hunters to ride over the pious band, and had the little chapel-the innocent cause of his misfortune-destroyed.

He was carried to his castle, and the physicians carefully bound up his arm; but in vain; the arm did not heal. The story of the lord spread far and wide, and whoever possessed the most trifling knowledge of wounds went to the castle of Homonna. But in vain did the most celebrated physicians assemble within Drugeth's walls; in vain did he promise half his treasures to him who would restore him; art had lost its charm. Finally, when no remedy remained untried, the proud man let himself be carried to the Healing spring. He plunged his arm into the pure water, and, behold! the pain had vanished, and the arm was well.

The miracle broke the sinner's pride. He built a magnificent church on the site of the ruined chapel, and at its side an immense monastery, in which he, as a monk of the order of Saint Basilius, expiated the sins of his youth.

Till the present day, the monastery stands among the mountains near the Healing spring; and around it has sprung up the village that bears the name of Monostor.

We add another, originally from the pen of Von Pulsky:

THE DEVOTED LOVERS.

There is scarcely a more romantic region in Hungary, than the spot where the waves of the Dunajecs force themselves through the rocks on the border of Zipsen and Poland, and direct their course to the plains of the latter country and the Baltic Sea. It is the region of the red cloister, where the caprices of nature have given to the massive rocks the strangest and most outlandish forms, in which a vivid fancy sees lions and knights, palaces and gardens.

These were the hiding-places of those notorious Bohemian robbers who were finally annihilated by King Matthias; and to the present day one of those cliffs is called "Axamitka," the name of the bold leader of this robber-band. The memory of his deeds was long ago extinguished, but his name remained unforgotten, while that of the brave King Matthias is unknown to the peasants of the country—a singular play of fate, that the memory of a hero should sink into oblivion and that of a robber

be perpetuated. . .

But the legend of the place leads us to the fabulous times of old, and its Slavonic character reminds us that Poland is near. In the forest of Lipnik stand, near a crystal spring, two rocks bound together, so that in the distance they resemble a pair of lovers. According to the story, the Royal Castle of Kullin, who had turned this Alpine region into a charming garden, was near this spot, in whose midst bubbled a fountain where the spring now murmurs. This was the favorite spot of Adla, the most beautiful of maidens. Wladin, a brave and royal son, loved her with all the passion of youth; but, with the keen eye of leve, he perceived that the maiden grew paler from day to day, and, when he pressed her to his breast, he heard hovering over her head the wings of the angel of death. All the art of the physicians remained without effect; the maiden sunk away from hour to hour. At length the magicians of the court discovered the cause of her malady-it was Omna, the fairy of the Carpathian valley, who had built her palace on the lofty borders of the green lake; and seeing the brave Wladin at Kullin's court, burned with love for him. But the latter rejected the love of the fairy; for none but Adla lived in his heart, and her soul was as pure and brilliant as the Carpathian Lake when gilded by the first ray of the sun.

The fairy sought revenge, and threw a charm over the fair girl, on whose account she could not obtain Wladin's love, so that no earthly remedy could help her but the balsam which the fairy drew from Alpine plants, and which had the power of preserving female beauty unchangeable. When this came to the ears of Wladin, he put on his armor, and went to the green lake, where he found Omna, and implored her for the balsam. The words flowed so sweetly from his mouth, that she saw that love had made the hero an orator, and refused the prayer whose cause she well knew. The hero then seized his sword, and sought with weapons what his entreaties could not obtain. But the fairy changed itself into a dragon with four and twenty heads; and the flames they breathed melted the shield of the royal scion, and the scales of its breast shivered his sword. In desperation he now embraced the dragon, and with his powerful arms he broke its neck, and obtained the balsam.

Victorious, but wounded, he hastened with his precious booty to the house of his Adla. She was sitting in the garden, near the fountain; and he handed the pale maid the balsam, that she might pour one drop on her head, and be delivered from the charm. But Adla lived only in her love; and, suspecting that he whom she ardently loved was wounded for her sake, she tore his garments from his breast, and, as she perceived the deadly wounds of the dragon's claws, she threw the precious balsam into the fountain, fell on Wladin's bosom, and, in one close embrace, they died together.

The dead lovers were turned to stone, and still stand by the spring; and where was once the garden are now oaks that have bloomed a thousand years.

PARAGRAPHIANA.

BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT,

THE blues are a milder form of the "green and rellow melancholy," for which various remedies have been suggested. One says, if you are melancholy, and do not know why, be assured the cause is physical; then take air, exercise, physic, as the case may be. Those who have tried it say a sovereign remedy for discontent is, "to set about doing good to somebody." The clouds will fly like shadows before the sun. A person with full exercise for all his powers, faculties, and affections, and who exercises them, will be little troubled with ennui, or the blues. When these shadows appear, always think "there must be something wrong," morally or physically, and set about seeking out what it is. Don't we need physicians who can "minister to a mind diseased?" How few possess "a sound mind in a sound body!"

What a delicate plant is domestic happiness! It withers where is the breath of discord, the mildew of discortent, the sterility of selfishness; but where love, and peace, and a self-sacrificing spirit reign, it flourishes in perpetual, perennial

freshness.

WINTER MUSINGS.

BY REV. J. GROT DIMMITT.

WINTER, with his hollow moaning and hoary mantling, is here. The balmy sweetness and vernal beauty of spring have departed. The fragrant and blushing rose of summer has fallen from its stem. The russet hue of autumn, relieved by rich and variegated tints, has given way before the frosty heraldings of his approach. Rivers and streamlets, the life-currents of nature, are locked up in his embrace; and those sweet warblers that regale us with their beautiful lays have found a more congenial home beneath the southern skies. How great the change in a few brief months! Nature, robed in freshness and beauty, teeming with life and vocal with song, now dreary-frozen-inanimate! and winter, with a dirgeful voice, while sending forth his wildest harmonies, at the same time prepares a shroud of snowy white, and upon her cold bosom spreads it softly.

The rapid succession and wonderful changes of the seasons, however, afford us much instruction, and stand ever before us as our faithful and indispensable monitors. For, although reveling amid the enchanting scenes and castellated imaginings of life's spring-time, yet how soon does the summer solstice of our days teach us that we are passing into the sear and autumnal state of our life! and then, wearied and enfeebled, as much by the roughness of the way as by the length of the journey, we are hurried into the chilling arms of winter, and, notwithstanding the increased attention of affection and love, with heavy eye, we soon fall away into the sleep of the tomb.

And we are taught still farther, that few, very few, are the flowerets that come forth in the spring, bloom on through the summer, and, still sweetening the air with their delicious perfume, live till the frosts of autumn. Many of them perish in the bud, others droop and die under the scorching rays of a vertical sun, while here and there one may be seen blooming till frozen by winter.

And here, kind reader, visions of a more solemn character furtively rise before us, not so much of things to come, as of those that are past. The dark wing of the destroyer, pallid cheeks, crushed spirits, bleeding hearts, broken and fragmentary families, pass in mournful review, and have been painted upon the panoramic canvas of life's realities within the last few months.

Consonant with the spirit of these visions, let us pause till we record the following real scene that occurred in a city of the west, about the middle of last summer. It transpired in a family consisting of a husband, wife, and five bright and interesting children. They possessed wealth; they were pious, and basked in the warm smile of many delighted friends. But, alas! the destroyer entered, and, in a few brief hours, four of those that gave the richest and brightest coloring to the family

picture withered and died. The mother loved her family, and, after bidding an affectionate farewell to an agonized husband and an only surviving daughter, in a few hours followed her children to the skies. Her remains, with those of her four lovely ones, rest side by side in the same grave, in the border of a beautiful prairie skirting the west bank of the Mississippi river. In the home of this once undivided family the winter fire blazes cheerfully; but the subdued and smitten heart of that husband and father, the sad and lonely feelings of that motherless daughter, furnish a ready and sympathetic response to the long-drawn sighs and earnest moanings of the wintery winds without. And this family, with slight modifications, represents faithfully hundreds and thousands of others.

But let us away from scenes of such woe, and seek a respite from musings so gloomy. There, upon the writing-desk, lies the precious book of God. It has "a balm for every wound, a cordial for every fear." It teaches that winter's clouds are to be drifted away, that his leafless scepter is to be broken, and that there will be "new heavens and a new earth," arrayed in the vernal beauties of Eden, "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Pure and loved ones, too, who have been ruthlessly torn from our homes and hearts, shall arise from the tomb, panoplied in celestial brightness, and filled with light, joy, and love, live and reign with Jesus, where spring, in infinite loveliness and beauty, continues forever.

MOURN NOT FOR CHRISTIANS.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

Mounn not for Christians! let no tear Of fond regret bedew their bier; Bid every sadd'ning thought depart; Still the deep yearning of the heart, And, O, give thanks to God who gave Them power to triumph o'er the grave!

Ah! what is life? A fragile thread
That parts the living from the dead—
A frail, uncertain, changing state,
Where countless ills around us wait—
'Tis like the sparkle of the dew,
As bright, as evanescent, too.

What is eternal life? Full well
The saints who dwell with God could tell;
'Tis like a long, long, beauteous day,
Whose freshness passeth not away—
A day whose radiance fadeth never—
A day whose glories last forever.

Sad mourner, could the land of rest, Its happy throngs of spirits blest, Its holy joys, its splendors bright, Once burst upon our mortal sight, O, who wou'd stay the spirit free From entering then eternity?

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD.

BY REV. M. TRAFTON.

On the night of the 20th of August, 1850, Mr. Editor, I was lying on the cabin floor of the fine ahip R. C. Winthrop, Captain Sampson, master, striving to catch some sleep. I was on the floor, because my state-room was so close, and I was so nervous, I wanted room to roll; and a narrow box, two feet wide, yeleped a berth, afforded no fitting opportunity for so delightful exercise. Well, there I lay; rolling to one side, I brought myself against the partition of the cabin; rolling to the other side, and I was mixed up with the legs of the table, which, being screwed down, could not get out of the way.

It was now not far from midnight, and the ship was not far from midway of the Irish Channel, and between Holyhead and "the Skerries," or about sixty miles from Liverpool. We had now been almost four days in the Channel, and still it was calm-a dead calm. Smooth as a mirror was the water by day, and bright by night with the dancing light of the smiling skies above us. Friend Tefft, were you ever there? I mean not in the Irish Channel, but at sea, in a long, lingering, monotonous calm? How, at such time, one would willingly wrestle with a hurricane, or smile in the face of a tempest! Twenty-four days from Boston-six more than we had reckoned upon! Alas, it was "reckoning with-

out your host!"

But let me return. As I lay there, between sleeping and waking, now dreaming of storms, and now contriving a small steam-engine to be placed in the "run" of sailing ships, with a screw wheel astern. I imagined I heard a sound like the distant blowing of a grampus, or the deep, stertorous breathing of an asthmatic; and soon I heard "voices of the night;" and then we struck something; but how this could be was a puzzle, as we were lying still, and it did not occur to a man half asleep that possibly something might have struck us. But something evidently was the matter, for there was hurrying to and fro, and confusion, and creaking of blocks, as the yards were squared round; and in a few moments the second officer put his head into the captain's state-room, and sung out, "Steam tug along side, sir." Ah, good news! I saw through, now. I recollected, the day before the scene off Holyhead, our captain had been hanging out some little strips of bunting, of various colors; and then, looking through a glass, I had seen, on the highest point of Holyhead, some great wooden arms, moving up and down, like some doughty politician, sawing the air with his awkward arms; and heard them say, they were telegraphing. Yes, thanks to science and artto the men who do head-work-to Captain Marryatt, for his system of marine telegraph. Our pleasant captain had, by three little flags, told the man on the top of the mountain of Holyhead to haste and tell the agent of "Train & Co.'s" packet-line,

who was sitting in his office, No. 5, Water-street, Liverpool, that the packet-ship R. C. Winthrop was becalmed in the Channel, and to send down a steam tug, to tow her up to the dock. The agent, in ten minutes, had the information, and writing a line, sent his man to the office of the "Steam Tug Co.;" and in ten minutes more, the little, black, snorting Hercules was dashing down the Mersey, to find the ship designated; and, among many others, he knew her by her lights; and, my sleepy reader, this was what struck us, and disturbed my dreaming. And now a slight ripple is heard under the cabin windows, indicating progress; and the dull puff, puff, away ahead, indicating power. I will e'en sleep again, and let matters work; for it is dark, and I can see nothing, and am weary of deckwalking, albeit there is true poetry in it. Mynheer Doctor, when you have passed the ordeal of seasickness, and the winds are all sleeping- Æolus, and Zephyrus, and Boreas, and Auster, with all the lesser gods and goddesses of the genus ventus-when the huge ship lies, like a struck leviathan, rolling, in his last agony, from side to side, in the long, unsleeping ocean swell—the rising and falling of old Ocean's bosom in his heavy sleep, breathing-when all but the watch on deck are "turned in," and he is sound asleep on the forecastle, and the man at the wheel dreams of "home and all its pleasures"when the skies are cloudless, and seem to have brought millions of new lights just for this occasion-then to wrap yourself in your ample Scotch maud, and, stealing out upon the deck, pace back and forth for an hour, alone with God and night: O, this is poetry! How thought expands! how the heart swells! how the past comes crowding around you, with all its scenes of pain and pleasure! Faces you have looked upon for many years, and will never again this side the dim future, seem to smile upon you over the taffrail, from behind the almost motionless sails, and out of the companion-wayall around you they gather, and you hear the wellremembered tones; old household words are filling your ears, and sanctified memories your heart; and nothing there is around you-no sight nor sound to distract your thought or disturb your soul. O, glorious hours! precious scenes! Here is the poetry of feeling. One such hour is worth a life among brick walls, and in the noise, and hum, and confusion of a crowded city. Poetry in a city! impossible! What man ever either felt or wrote it in a noisy, dirty, crowded city?

I got a little sleep toward morning; but as soon as it was light, we all hurried up on deck to see England; for we were in the merry England-old England-"merrie England"-land of the brave old hearts of oak, and roast beef-land of the Puritans and plum puddings-land of majesty and mutton chops-great in her littleness, and little in her greatness; tears and taxes, wealth and woe; rewards without labor, and labor without rewardwhose benevolence is world-wide, and a world of forgotten starvelings at home-our father-land, yet

the scene of our persecution and banishment. England! there, just on our larboard bow-a low line of coast, running on far ahead, half hidden by smoke and mist. And now we see it, but with different emotions. There is a Scotch gentleman and his intelligent lady, who have resided four years in South America, and are now going home. The hills and lakes of " auld Scotland" are the principal images in their minds, as they gaze on the dim outline of England. Here is a group of two gentlemen and two ladies-relations, who, a few weeks since, ran over to America to see the country. They came, they saw, they were satisfied, and now were rejoicing to see the shores of old England. Here is another group of Americans, and they are excited with a first view of the land of so many stirring scenes and mighty events. On the forward deck are some forty or fifty returning emigrants-Scotch and Irish-some sick of the new world, some returning to visit friends, and others to take friends out with them to the "land of milk and honey." On the right hand lies Wales, and we are running along close to the coast. The lofty mountains are looking down upon us in solemn grandeur. There is old Snowdon, the highest mountain in Wales, whose hoary head is now bright in the rays of the rising sun. There, just on our quarter, lies the island of Anglesea, separated from the main-land of Wales by the Menai Straits, over which has been thrown that wonderful, iron, tubular bridge, the wonder of the age. One hundred and four feet above highwater mark have these immense iron tubes, constructed of iron plates riveted together, been raised by mechanical forces, and dropped upon the great stone piers, in perfect safety; and now immense trains of cars go thundering through them daily, carrying a weight of hundreds of tons.

We are now entering the mouth of the Mersey, and the shores are drawing nearer together. Low, level, and sandy, they do not strike one very favorably. It is Sabbath morning—calm, bright, beautiful—and we are drawing near to Liverpool. Steamer after steamer comes up with and passes us, loaded with passengers and freight: from Cork, Bedford, Dublin, Limerick, Glasgow, and Edinburg they come, dashing through the water. Thirteen passed us in about an hour. Now they begin to come from the other quarter, filled with masses of human beings, out on a pleasure excursion, to spend the Sabbath in some of the pleasant retreats about the Channel, and then back to recommence the heavy toil of the week.

Look ahead! What is that—a mass of smoke, like a volcano? It is Liverpool, just seen in the pitchy curtain hanging around it. Rapidly we came up with it, and in a short time this great commercial city lay before us. On we drove to our dock; and while the clock is striking nine, we are striking the corner of the Waterloo dock. A mass of magnificent ships lies in these docks, which extend for four miles in front of the city. But this was a morning of mourning. All the American

flags were at half mast. The mail steamer, which arrived the night before, had brought the sad tidings, that the President of the United States was dead. We went ashore saddened and heavy of heart.

Liverpool is a city of 150,000 inhabitants. Onefourth part of all the commerce of the kingdom is
found here. The streets are wide and clean, the
shops elegant, and the buildings generally in good
taste. But this city has come into existence by her
commerce, and owes her present position mainly to
the United States. In the reign of Queen Bess
the borough of Liverpool was too poor to pay
taxes; and a petition for abatement winds up thus:
"From your poor and oppressed subjects of the
borough of Liverpool." Not so now: her wealth
abounds, and Liverpool rivals London.

As soon as the ship was fairly docked, we started to find Dr. Raffle's church, as we had a strong curiosity to hear him preach. We soon found the church, in Duke-street, but did not find the Doctor in the church; but a nephew of his supplied his place. Some readers may remember that this was the church in which the eloquent Spencer ministered-a young and very promising man, who was regarded as a second Summerfield. His end, to human appearance, was untimely. He went to bathe, as usual, early one Sabbath morning, and was found drowned. The present incumbent was called to fill his place. Any one, at all familiar with the British pulpit, need not be told, that the Doctor has long enjoyed an enviable popularity among his people; but latterly his health has failed somewhat. He has become so corpulent as to be a burden to himself; and, of course, he can not move about among his people as formerly. His substitute gave us a good sermon from manuscript. I looked to hear some fine specimen of choir-singing, but I was happily disappointed. When the officiating clergyman gave out the hymn, a gentleman, seeing that I was a stranger there, brought me a hymn-book. A small choir commenced singing that fine old tune, Duke-Street, the whole congregation joining in with a will; and it was like the "sound of many waters;" it was inspiring-so unlike our puerile style of singing in this country, where a score of individuals, who can not appreciate the beautiful sentiments of the hymns, troll them in tones which are mere exercises in rhythm and harmony, while the congregation, with their backs turned upon the minister, labor to listen, while God's praise is being sung for them. I may here remark, that I found the same good practice prevailing in all places where I worshiped while on my tour. I sincerely hope the barbarous practice of exclusive choir-singing may soon be abolished in our Churches.

We had the curiosity to see a specimen of the "Ragged Schools" of England, and a gentleman whom we met in a Methodist chapel kindly offered to be our chaperon. At seven o'clock we accordingly started to find the place of gathering. A

short walk brought us to the building in which one of these singular gatherings was found. As we entered the door, we found ourselves in a small hall, filled with rude benches, and almost half full of children, from five or six years to fifteen. A clergyman of the Scotch Church was addressing the school with much energy. He seemed to have secured the attention of the children; for all eyes were on him, only as occasionally some one, unused to restraint, would begin to talk to a sitter-by, when the superintendent would stop, and threaten to turn him out, or go out himself, if he could not have order. And now for the scholars. They were just as they came from the streets, from the ditches, from the docks-unwashed, uncombed, almost undressed.

> "Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, Mingle, mingle, mingle."

Query: Had Shakspeare ever seen a ragged school? He could not have hit it off more truthfully. But here was mind; here was immortality; here was work to be done, and work that would pay. Who can tell what splendid genius lies hidden under that coal dust? who can tell whether these rags may not cover mental machinery which shall yet jostle the world? There they may not rise, for the permission is not granted; but here, they may seek these shores; and can you say, that a future judge, or member of Congress, or chief magistrate even, may not be found among those dirty but bright little fellows? I was really surprised at the questions proposed.

This is a most beneficial movement. A superintendent is hired to take charge of one or more schools. A call is then made upon young persons of both sexes to come in and spend an hour in gratuitous teaching. All children are then invited to come in just as they are; if poor, or ragged, or friendless, or homeless, they are urged in, and taught. The instruction is mainly moral; but I think reading is also taught. This will exert a good influence upon the thousands of vagrant children whose home is in the streets of the great cities of England. But such a system can hardly be brought into successful operation here, as our excellent system of common schools secures to all an opportunity for acquiring an education, while our Sabbath schools draw in the most of the juvenile population except the Catholic, and those we can not reach. Our vagrants are made up of this class. On the whole, I was much pleased with my visit, and said to myself, as I left, success to the " Ragged Schools!"

O, Gop, how thou breakest into families! Must not the disease be dangerous, when a tenderhearted surgeon cuts deep into the flesh? How much more when God is the operator, who afflicteth not from his heart, nor grieveth the children of men!

THE BRIDE OF ERIE.

BY MOSES BROOKS, MSQ.

On Erie's shore, in youthful bloom arrayed,
Florinda lived, whose sire had sought the wild,
Where Nature, with a lavish hand, displayed
A fertile vale to court the arm that toiled;
And fond anticipation half beguiled
The husbandman of his laborious pain;
For her, his only care, his only child,
He strove a competence of wealth to gain,
And late and early toiled to cultivate the plain.
His cot erected by a river's side,
Whose banks were with the waving willows

crowned:
E'en sylphs and fairies might themselves abide,
And weave the web of soft enchantment round,
In such a lone, romantic spot of ground;

The dappled fawn might here be seen to play,
And o'er the beach in sportive gambols bound—
Now close advanced, now fleeing far away,
Or laving in the tide to shun the sultry day.

Beneath the window of the cottage grew
The rese-tree, planted by Florinda's care;
And round the door the honeysuckle threw
Its redolence upon the balmy air;
And taste and beauty sweetly blended there,
As seldom meet in such a wilderness;

A scraph might have paused awhile to share
A scene of such transcendent loveliness;
For earth had not a more enchanting spot than this.

Here, too, was blended sweet variety Of flowery mead, and gently rising hill, And groves, excluding dull satiety,

And many a murmuring, clear, perennial rill, Whose streams united turned a neighb'ring mill; Below a towering cliff o'erhung the stream, From whose rude base was heard the whippowil,

And from its summit burst the sea-bird's scream, Portentous of the storm where lambent lightnings gleam.

GENTLE WORDS.

More precious than the honeyed dew From flowers distilled of saffron hue, Of rosy tint, or azure blue,

Are gentle words.

More joyous than the merry thrill, When warbling sounds the woodlands fill, Of parting streamlet, brook, or rill,

Are gentle words.

Sweeter than music's hallowed strains, To cheer old age when memory wanes, And lull to rest its aches and pains,

Are gentle words.

Holy as Friendship's gifted name,
Burning with bright, unquivering flame,
That on through time remains the same,
Are gentle words.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1851.

PATE OF THE GIRONDISTS.

BY REV. JOHN S. O. ASBOTT.

As the fate of the Girondist party, of which Madame Roland was the soul, is so intimately connected with her history, we must leave her in prison, while we turn aside to contemplate the doom of her companions. The portentous thunders of the approaching storm had given such warning to the Girondists, that many had effected their escape from Paris, and in various disguises, in friendlessness and poverty, were wandering over Europe. Others, however, were too proud to fly. Conscious of the most elevated patriotic sentiments, and with no criminations of conscience, except for sacrificing too much in love for their country, they resolved to remain firm at their post, and to face their foes. Calmly and sternly they awaited the onset. This heroic courage did but arouse and invigorate their foes. Mercy had long since died in France.

Immediately after the tumult of that dreadful night in which the Convention was inundated with assassins clamoring for blood, twenty-one of the Girondists were arrested and thrown into the dungeons of the Conciergerie. Imprisoned together, and fully conscious that their trial would be but a mockery, and that their doom was already sealed, they fortified one another with all the consolations which philosophy and the pride of magnanimity could administer. In those gloomy cells, beneath the level of the street, into whose deep and grated windows the rays of the noonday sun could but feebly penetrate, their faces soon grew wan, and wasted, and haggard, from confinement, the foul prison air,

There is no sight more deplorable than that of an accomplished man of intellectual tastes, accustomed to all the refinements of polished life, plunged into those depths of misery from which the decencies even of our social being are excluded. These illustrious statesmen and eloquent orators, whose words had vibrated upon the ear of Europe, were transformed into the most revolting aspect of beggared and haggard misery. Their clothes, ruined by the humid filth of their dungeons, moldered to decay. Unwashed, unshorn, in the loss almost of the aspect of humanity, they became repulsive to each other. Unsupported by any of those consolations which religion affords, many hours of the blackest gloom must have enveloped them.

Not a few of the deputies were young men, in the morning of their energetic being, their bosoms glowing with all the passions of this tumultuous world, buoyant with hope, stimulated by love, invigorated by perfect health. And they found themselves thus suddenly plunged from the hights of honor and power to the dismal darkness of the dungeon, from whence they could emerge only to be led to the scaffold. All the bright hopes of life had gone down amid the gloom of midnight darkness. Several months lingered slowly away while these men were awaiting their trial. Day after day they heard the tolling of the tocsin, the reverberations of the alarm gun, and the beating of the insurrection drum, as the demon of lawless violence rioted through the streets of the blood-stained metropolis. The execrations of the mob, loud and fiend-like, accompanied the cart of the condemned, as it rumbled Vol. XI.-6

upon the pavements above their heads, bearing the victims of popular fury to the guillotine; and still, most stoically, they struggled to nerve their souls with fortitude to meet their fate.

From these massive stone walls, guarded by triple doors of iron and watched by numerous sentinels, answerable for the safe custody of their prisoners with their lives, there was no possibility of escape. The rigor of their imprisonment was, consequently, somewhat softened as weeks passed on, and they were occasionally permitted to see their friends through the iron wicket. Books, also, aided to relieve the tedium of confinement. The brother-in-law of Vergniaud came to visit him, and brought with him his son, a child ten years of age. The features of the fair boy reminded Vergniaud of his beloved sister, and awoke mournfully in his heart the remembrance of departed joys. When the child saw his uncle imprisoned like a malefactor, his cheeks haggard and sunken, his matted hair straggling over his forehead, his long beard disfiguring his face, and his clothes hanging in tatters, he clung to his father, affrighted by the sad sight, and burst into tears.

"My child," said Vergniaud, kindly, taking him in his arms, "look well at me. When you are a man, you can say that you saw Vergniaud, the founder of the republic, at the most glorious period, and in the most splendid costume he ever wore-that in which he suffered unmerited persecution, and in which he prepared to die for liberty." These words produced a deep impression upon the mind of the child. He remembered them to repeat them after the lapse of half a century.

The cells in which they were imprisoned still remain as they were left on the morning in which these illustrious men were led to their execution. On the dingy walls of stone are still recorded those sentiments which they had inscribed there, and which indicate the nature of those emotions which animated and sustained them. These proverbial maxims and heroic expressions, gleaned from French tragedies or the classic page, were written with the blood which they had drawn from their own veins. In one place is carefully written.

"Quand il n'a pu sauver la liberté de Rome, Canton est libre encore at suit mourir en hom

When he no longer had power to preserve the liberty of Rome, Cato still was free, and knew how to die for man." Again,

> "Cui virtus non dest Ille nunquam omnino miser." "He who retains his integrity Can never be wholly miserable."

In another place.

" La prais liberté est celle de l'ame." "Trne liberty is that of the soul,"

On a beam was written,

" Dignum certe Deo spectaculum fortem virem cum calamitate colluctantem.

"Even God may look with pleasure upon a brave man struggling against adversity.'

Again,

"Quels solides appui dans le malheur suprême! Pai pour moi ma vertu, l'équité, Dieu même."

"How substantial the consolation in the greatest calamity! I have for mine, my virtue, justice, God himself."

Beneath this was written,

"Le jour n'est pas plus pur que le fond de mon cour."

"The day is not more pure than the depths of my heart."

In large letters of blood there was inscribed, in the handwriting of Vergniaud,

"Petius mori quam fadari."
"Death is preferable to dishonor."

But one sentence is recorded there which could be considered strictly of a religious character. It was taken from the "Imitation of Christ."

"Remember that you are not called to a life of indulgence and pleasure, but to toil and to suffer."

La Source and Sillery, two very devoted friends, occupied a cell together. La Source was a devoted Christian, and found, in the consolations of piety, an unfailing support. Sillery possessed a feeling heart, and was soothed and comforted by the devotion of his friend. La Source composed a beautiful hymn, adapted to a sweet and solemn air, which they called their evening service. Night after night this mournful dirge was heard gently issuing from the darkness of their cell, in tones so melodious and plaintive that they never died away from the memory of those who heard them. It is difficult to conceive of any thing more affecting than this knell, so softly uttered at midnight in those dark and dismal dungeons.

"Calm all the tumults that invade Our souls, and lend thy powerful aid. O. Source of mercy! soothe our pains, And break, O break our cruel chains! To thee the captive pours his cry, To thee the mourner loves to fly. The incense of our tears receive-'Tis all the incense we can give. Eternal Power! our cause defend. O God! of innocence the friend. Near thee forever she resides, In thee forever she confides. Thou know'st the secrets of the breast; Thou know'st the oppressor and the oppress'd. Do thou our wrongs with pity see, Avert a doom offending thee. But should the murderer's arm prevail, Should tyranny our lives assail: Unmoved, triumphant, scorning death, We'll bless Thee with our latest breath. The hour, the glorious hour will come, That consecrates the patriots' tomb; And with the pang our memory claims, Our country will avenge our names."

Summer had come and gone while these distinguished prisoners were awaiting their doom. World-weary and sick at heart, they still struggled to sustain each other, and to meet their dreadful fate with heroic constancy. The day for their trial at length arrived. It was the 20th of October, 1793. They had long been held up before the mob, by placards and impassioned harangues, as traitors to their country, and the populace of Paris were clamorous for their consignment to the guilloune. They were led from the dungeons of the Conciergerie to the misnamed Halls of Justice. A vast concourse of angry men surrounded the tribunal, and filled the air with execrations. Paris that day presented the aspect of a camp. The Jacobins, conscious that there were still thousands of the most influential of the citizens who regarded the Girondists with veneration as incorruptible patriots, determined to prevent the possibility of a rescue. They had some cause to apprehend a counter revolu-They, therefore, gathered around the scene of trial all that imposing military array which they had at their disposal. Cavalry, with plumes, and helmets, and naked sabers, were sweeping the streets, that no accumulations of the multitude might gather force. The pavements trembled beneath the rumbling wheels of heavy artillery, ready to belch forth their storm of grape-shot upon any opposing foe. Long lines of infantry, with loaded muskets and glittering bayonets, guarded all the avenues to the tribunal, where rancorous passion sat enthroned in mockery upon the seat of justice.

The prisoners had nerved themselves sternly to meet this crisis of their doom. Two by two, in solemn procession, they marched to the bar of judgment, and took their seat upon benches, surrounded by gensd'armes and a frowning populace, and arraigned before judges already determined upon their doom. The eyes of the world were, however, upon them. The accused were illustrious in integrity, in rank, in talent. In the distant provinces there were thousands who were their friends. It was necessary to go through the formality of a trial. A few of the accused still clung to the hope of life. They vainly dreamed it possible that, by silence, and the abandonment of themselves to the resistless power by which they were crushed, some mercy might be elicited. It was a weakness unworthy of these great men. But there are few minds which can remain firm while immured for months in the wasting misery of a dungeon. In those glooms the sinews of mental energy wither with dying hope. The trial continued for a week. On the 30th of October, at eleven o'clock at night, the verdict was brought in. They were all declared guilty of having conspired against the republic, and were condemned to death. With the light of the next morning's sun they were to be led to the guillotine.

As the sentence was pronounced, one of the accused, M. Valazé, made a motion with his hand, as if to tear his garment, and fell from his seat upon the floor. "What, Valazé," said Brissot, striving to support him, "are you losing your courage?" "No," replied Valazé, faintly, "I am dying;" and he expired, with his hand still grasping the hilt of the dagger with which he had pierced his heart. For a moment it was a scene of unutterable horror. The condemned gathered sadly around the remains of their lifeless companion. Some, who had confidently expected acquittal, overcome by the near approach of death, yielded to momentary weakness, and gave utterance to reproaches and lamentations. Others, pale and stupefied, gazed around in moody silence. One, in the delirium of enthusiasm, throwing his arms above his head, shouted, "This is the most glorious day of my life!" Vergniaud, seated upon the highest bench, with the composure of philosophy and piety combined, looked upon the scene, exulting in the victory his own spirit had achieved over peril and death.

The weakness which a few displayed was but momentary. They rallied their energies boldly to meet their inevitable doom. They gathered for a moment around the corpse of their lifeless companion, and were then formed in procession, to march back to their cells. It was midnight as the condemned Girondists were led from the bar of the Palace of Justice back to the dungeons of the Conciergerie, there to wait till the swift-winged hours should bring the dawn which was to guide their steps to the guillotine. Their presence of mind had now returned, and their bosoms glowed with the loftiest enthusiasm. In fulfillment of a promise they had made their fellow-prisoners, to inform them of their fate by

the echoes of their voices, they burst into the Marseillaise Hymn. The vaults of the Conciergerie rang with the song as they shouted, in tones of exultant energy,

"Allons! enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé,
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé."

"Come! children of your country, come!
The day of glory dawns on high,
And tyranny has wide unfurl'd
Her blood-stain'd banner in the aky."

It was their death-knell. As they were slowly led along through the gloomy corridors of their prison to the cells, these dirge-like wailings of a triumphant song penetrated the remotest dungeons of that dismal abode, and roused every wretched head from its pallet. The arms of the guard clattered along the stone floor of the subterranean caverns, and the unhappy victims of the Revolution, roused from the temporary oblivion of sleep, or from dreams of the homes of refinement and luxury from which they had been torn, glared through the iron gratings upon the melancholy procession, and uttered last words of adieu to those whose fate they almost envied. The acquittal of the Girondists would have given them some little hope that they also might find mercy. Now they sunk back upon their pillows in despair, and lamentations and wailings filled the prison.

The condemned, now that their fate was sealed, had laid aside all weakness, and, mutually encouraging one another, prepared as martyrs to encounter the last stern trial. They were all placed in one large room opening into several cells, and the lifeless body of their companion was deposited in one of the corners. By a decree of the tribunal, the stil! warm and bleeding remains of Valazé were to be carried back to the cell, and to be conveyed the next morning, in the same cart with the prisoners, to the guillotine. The as was to sever the head from the lifeless body, and all the headless trunks were to be interred together.

A wealthy friend, who had escaped proscription, and was concealed in Paris, had agreed to send them a sumptuous banquet the night after their trial, which banquet was to prove to them a funeral repast or a triumphant feast, according to the verdict of acquittal or condemnation. Their friend kept his word. Soon after the prisoners were remanded to their cell, a table was spread, and preparations were made for their last supper. There was a large oaken table in the prison, where those awaiting their trial, and those awaiting their execution, met for their coarse prison fare. A rich cloth was spread upon that table. Servants entered, bearing brilliant lamps, which illuminated the dismal vault with an unnatural luster, and spread the glare of noonday light upon the miserable pallets of straw, the rusty iron gratings and chains, and the stone walls weeping with moisture, which no ray of the sun or warmth of fire ever dried away. It was a strange scene, that brilliant festival, in the midst of the glooms of the most dismal dungeon, with one dead body lying upon the floor, and those for whom the feast was prepared waiting only for the early dawn to light them to their death and burial. The richest viands of meats and wines were brought in and placed before the condemned. Vases of flowers diffused their fragrance and expanded their beauty where flowers were never seen to bloom before. Wan and haggard faces, unwashed and unshorn, gazed upon the

unwonted spectacle, as dazzling flambeaux, and rich table furniture, and bouquets, and costly dishes appeared, one after another, till the board was covered with luxury and splendor.

In silence the condemned took their places at the table. They were men of brilliant intellects, of enthusiastic eloquence, thrown suddenly from the hights of power to the foot of the scaffold. A priest, the Abbé Lambert, the intimate personal friend of several of the most eminent of the Girondists, had obtained admittance into the prison to accompany his friends to the guillotine, and to administer to them the last consolations of religion. He stood in the corridor, looking through the open door upon those assembled around the table, and, with his pencil in his hand, noted down their words, their gestures, their sighs-their weakness and their strength. It is to him that we are indebted for all knowledge of the sublime scenes enacted at the last supper of the Girondists. The repast was prolonged till the dawn of morning began to steal faintly in at the grated windows of the prison, and the gathering tumult without announced the preparations to conduct them to their execution.

Vergniaud, the most prominent and the most eloquent of their number, presided at the feast. He had little, save the love of glory, to bind him to life, for he had neither father nor mother, wife nor child; and he doubted not that posterity would do him justice, and that his death would be the most glorious act of his life. No one could imagine, from the calm and subdued conversation, and the quiet appetite with which these distinguished men partook of the entertainment, that this was their last repast, and but the prelude to a violent death. But when the cloth was removed, and the fruits, the wines, and the flowers alone remained, the conversation became animated, gay, and at times rose to hilarity. Several of the youngest men of the party, in sallies of wit and outbursts of laughter, endeavored to repel the gloom which darkened their spirits in view of death on the morrow. It was unnatural gayety, unreal, unworthy of the men. Death is not a jest, and no one can honor himself by trying to make it so. A spirit truly noble can encounter this king of terrors with fortitude, but never with levity. Still, now and then, shouts of laughter and songs of merriment burst from the lips of these young men, as they endeavored, with a kind of hysterical energy, to nerve themselves to show to their enemies their contempt of life and of death. Others were more thoughtful, serene, and truly brave.

"What shall we be doing to-morrow at this time?"

All paused. Religion had its hopes, philosophy its dreams, infidelity its dreary blank. Each answered according to his faith. "We shall sleep after the fatigues of the day," said some, "to wake no more." Atheism had darkened their minds. "Death is an eternal sleep," had become their gloomy creed. They looked forward to the slide of the guillotine as ending all thought, and consigning them back to that non-existence from which they had emerged at their creation. "No?" replied Fauchet, Carru, and others, "annihilation is not our destiny. We are immortal. These bodies may perish. These living thoughts, these boundless aspirations, can never die. To-morrow, far away in other worlds, we shall think, and feel, and act, and solve the problems of the immaterial destiny of the human mind." Immortality was the theme. The song was hushed upon these

dying lips. The forced laughter fainted away. Standing upon the brink of that dread abyss from whence no one has returned with tidings, every soul felt a longing for immortality. They turned to Vergniaud, whose brilliant intellect, whose soul-moving eloquence, whose spotless life commanded their reverence, and appealed to him for light, and truth, and consolation. His words are lost. The effect of his discourse alone is described. "Never," said the abbé, "had his look, his gesture, his language, and his voice more profoundly affected his hearers." In the conclusion of a discourse which is described as one of almost superhuman eloquence, during which some were aroused to the most exalted enthusiasm, all were deeply moved, and many wept, Vergniaud exclaimed.

"Death is but the greatest act of life, since it gives birth to a higher state of existence. Were it not thus there would be something greater than God. It would be the just man immolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. This supposition is a folly of blasphemy, and I repel it with contempt and horror. No! Vergniaud is not greater than God; but God is more just than Vergniaud; and he will not to-morrow suffer him to ascend a scaffold but to justify and avenge him in future ages."

And now the light of day began to stream in at the windows. "Let us go to bad," said one, "and sleep till we are called forth to go to our last sleep. Life is a thing so triffing that it is not worth the hour of sleep we lose in regretting it."

"Let us rather watch," said another, "during the few moments which remain to us. Eternity is so certain and so terrible that a thousand lives would not suffice to pre-

They rose from the table, and most of them retired to their cells and threw themselves upon their beds for a few moments of bodily repose and meditation. Thirteen, however, remained in the larger apartment, finding a certain kind of support in society. In a low tone of voice they conversed with each other. They were worn out with excitement, fatigue, and want of sleep. Some wept. Sleep kindly came to some, and lulled

their spirits into momentary oblivion.

At ten o'clock the iron doors grated on their hinges, and the tramp of the gensd'armes, with the clattering of their sabers, was heard reverberating through the gloomy corridors and vaults of their dungeon, as they came, with the executioners, to lead the condemned to the scaffold. Their long hair was cut from their necks, that the ax, with unobstructed edge, might do its work. Each one left some simple and affecting souvenir to friends. Gensonné picked up a lock of his black hair, and gave it to the Abbé Lambert to give to his wife. "Tell her," said he, "that it is the only memorial of my love which I can transmit to her, and that my last thoughts in death were hers." Vergniaud drew from his pocket his watch, and, with his knife, scratched upon the case a few lines of tender remembrance, and sent the token to a young lady to whom he was devotedly attached, and to whom he was erelong to have been married. Each gave to the abbé some legacy of affection to be conveyed to loved ones who were to be left behind. Few emotions are stronger in the hour of death than the desire to be embalmed in the affections of those who are dear to us.

All being ready, the gensd'armes marched the condemned, in a column, into the prison-yard, where five rude carts were awaiting them, to convey them to the scaffold. The countless thousands of Paris were swarming around the prison, filling the court, and rolling like ocean tides, into every adjacent avenue. Each cart contained five persons, with the exception of the last, into which the dead body of Valazé had been cast with four of his living companions.

And now came to the Girondists their hour of triumph. Heroism rose exultant over all ills. The brilliant sun and the elastic air of an October morning invigorated their bodies, and the scene of sublimity through which they were passing stimulated their spirits to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. As the carts moved from the court-yard, with one simultaneous voice, clear and sonorous, the Girondists burst into the Marseillaise Hymn. The crowd gazed in silence as this funereal chant, not like the wailings of a dirge, but like the strains of an exultant song, swelled and died away upon the air. Here and there some friendly voice among the populace ventured to swell the volume of sound as the significant words were uttered.

> 44 Contre nous de la tyrannie L'étendard sanglant est levé."

" And tyranny has wide unfurl'd Her blood-stain'd banner in the sky."

At the end of each verse their voices sank for a moment into silence. The strain was then again renewed, loud and sonorous. On arriving at the scaffold, they all embraced in one long, last adieu. It was a token of their communion in death as in life. They then, in concert, loudly and firmly resumed their funereal chant. One ascended the scaffold, continuing the song with his companions. He was bound to the plank. Still his voice was heard full and strong. The plank slowly fell. Still his voice, without a tremor, joined in the triumphant chorus. The glittering ax glided like lightning down the groove. His head fell into the basket, and one voice was hushed forever. Another ascended, and another, and another, each with the song bursting loudly from his lips, till death ended the strain. There was no weakness. No step trembled, no cheek paled, no voice faltered. But each succeeding moment the song grew more faint, as head after head fell, and the bleeding bodies were piled side by side. At last one voice alone continued the song. It was that of Vergniaud, the most illustrious of them all. Long confinement had spread deathly pallor over his intellectual features, but firm and dauntless, and with a voice of surpassing richness, he continued the solo into which the chorus had now died away. Without the tremor of a nerve, he mounted the scaffold. For a moment he stood in silence, as he looked down upon the lifeless bodies of his friends, and around upon the overawed multitude gazing in silent admiration upon this heroic enthusiasm. As he then surrendered himself to the executioner, he commenced anew the strain,

> " Allons! enfans de la patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé." "Come! children of your country, come! The day of glory dawns on high."

In the midst of the exultant tones, the ax glided on its bloody mission, and those lips, which had guided the storm of revolution, and whose patriotic appeals had thrilled upon the ear of France, were silent in death. Thus perished the Girondists, the founders of the republic and its victims.

THE SKEPTIC.

BY R. W. DICKINSON, D. D.

NoT long after Gehazi, the servant of Naaman, had been guilty of his abominable wickedness, the King of Syria renewed hostilities against the King of Israel; but his predatory incursions and repeated ambuscades were to no purpose. Jehoram was invariably forewarned of the designs of the Syrians, and as often extricated from the dangers to which he was exposed. At last they began to suspect who it was that apprised the King of Israel of their schemes to entrap him. How they heard of Elisha we have no means of ascertaining. It is not improbable that Naaman, on his return to the court of Syria, spread his fame; and thence they might have concluded that a man who wrought such a wonderful cure could easily reveal the greatest secrets. Actuated perhaps by curiosity, not less than by animosity toward the prophet who had baffled their aims to seize the person of Jehoram, they accordingly determined to surprise Elisha at Dothan; but being warned, by the Spirit of God, of their intentions, instead of falling into the hands of the Syrians, he smote them with blindness, and led them even to the gates of Samaria. With the greatest ease all might have been put to the sword; and had it not been for the interference of the prophet, Jehoram would have inflicted summary vengeance on his captive enemies. They were, however, liberally supplied with food and drink, and sent back to their own country. Remarkable as was such an act of generosity, it had no effect on Benhadad but to increase his rancorous feelings, and inspire him with a renewed determination to conquer Israel. Jehoram could not cope with his formidable army. He was driven from the field, and constrained to shut himself within the walls of Samaria. For months the city was subjected to a close siege, and at last reduced to the extremity of famine. So great was the scarcity, that both avarice and natural affection yielded to the cravings of hunger. No sum was too large for the vilest morsel; while even mothers began to prey on their offspring. An affecting instance is related: on a certain day, a mother appealed to the justice of the King, against her neighbor, on the ground that after her child had been eaten between them, her neighbor now refused to slaughter hers, though she had solemnly engaged to do so in turn!

Under such circumstances, what could be said or done? Threatened with the sword from without, and unable to resist the ravages of famine within the walls of the city, the King, in his despair, forgot his obligations to Elisha; and, fancying that he was the cause of all the public distress, determined to put him to death. It was indeed a preposterous supposition, but not more so than that the Pagan emperors should have ascribed any calamity that befell the Roman empire to the wrath of the gods against the Christians; that Nero should have imputed to them the conflagration of Rome; or that men should often attempt to resolve all national judgments into natural causes. It is now, however, as it was of old, more common to assign any reason for such occurrences than to admit the right one. Man would unjustly criminate others rather than acknowledge his own offenses; condemn the good, than admit that he himself is the sinner; proceed to execute an unrighteous sentence, sooner than bemoan his own sins.

It is the order of Providence that rash judgments shall be in due time rebuked and reversed. No man ever gave an order, or took a step, under the influence of passion, which he did not afterward see cause to regret. Elisha foresaw that the King would repent of his rash order the moment he was left to his own reflections; and that he would shortly even come in person to stay the execution of his own sentence: and accordingly no sooner had the messenger of death been detained at the door of the prophet's house by the elders of Samaria, than the King arrived. But his joy on finding the prophet still alive, quickly gave place to an ebullition of passion against the prophet's God: "Of what use to attempt to serve a Being who exposed him and his people to such distresses? Elisha might do as he pleased; but, for himself, he would no longer strive to live in obedience to God's laws."

We are shocked by such impiety; but the sentiment which he passionately avowed is now often felt, though it may be seldom expressed. The earth-bound mind is forward to judge of the value of religion, solely from its relation to our present well-being, and losing sight of all spiritual interests, in its desire to compass worldly ends, is apt to conclude that God's service must be alike profitless and irksome. Even they who have been brought to the "knowledge of God," are slow to realize that he has a right to do with them as seemeth to him best; that the present is a state of moral trial and discipline; that their reward is not in those things which the earthly mind covets; and that by the greatest afflictions he may only design their greater good. Thus, the ill success of a righteous man in his temporal affairs has too often given rise to the desponding sentiment, "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency!" Thus, too, when one who has long served God is overtaken by adversity, or visited by a series of afflictions, he may detect in himself a feeling that, if embodied in language, would be equivalent to the declaration, "The Lord has dealt unjustly; he has rewarded me evil and not good." In some instances the result of the trial proves that, notwithstanding the man's professions, and seemingly good works for years, he is devoid of true faith in God. With the continuance of his worldly difficulties, he loses his interest in religion; and becoming estranged from God's service, gives himself to the world with desperate eagerness of aim; as if he would make amends for time that had been worse than wasted; or revenge himself on those who still serve God!

As an impulsive son, when reduced to an extremity through his own indiscretions, has threatened to disgrace himself, unless his father will replenish his exhausted means of selfish gratification; so the King might have thought, that by threatening to forsake Israel's God for the gods of Syria, the prophet would work a miracle for his relief; but, though nothing could have grieved that holy man more than such an act on the part of him whose life he had repeatedly preserved; though the public distress had undoubtedly affected his own mind as deeply as the King's; yet he could not act but as God directed, nor speak but as the Spirit dictated. Man must wait God's pleasure; and God, in his own time, and in his own way, will vindicate the glory of his sovereign rule.

"Be not rash, O King! have but patience a little while, and the scarcity of which you now complain will be converted into abundance;" for "thus saith the Lord, To-morrow, about this time, shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel, in the gate of Samaria." Who, unless

inspired of Heaven, would have made such an announcement—especially when his life was in imminent jeopardy? What! to-morrow? within twenty-four hours, shall so great plenty succeed this appalling scarcity? It did indeed seem like trifling with the King's credulity, and mocking the people's misery. We should not be surprised, if all the people, who heard the prophet speak thus, had looked upon him, if not as a cunning man whose object was to put off the King, at least as a visionary; so impossible did it seem that any relief could be extended to the city.

How the King received this assurance we are not told; but one of the bystanders went so far as to express his skepticism in the most daring terms: "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" This was a certain lord, on whose hand the King leaned; but though he was high in authority, and his skeptical reply might have met a response from all who heard it, Elisha, so far from attempting to reason with him, or to explain to him the grounds on which he believed that relief would be afforded, abruptly addressed him in the ominous language of prophetic announcement: "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof," 2 Kings, chap. vii. Thus they parted: each one to await the issue. The one calmly confident that his prediction will be verified; the other not less persuaded, in his own mind, that there can be no relief for the city; but neither able to do any thing to thwart the other.

It all rests with God-with him in "whose hand is the heart of kings," and who "doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." It was he who made this announcement of returning plenty to the King, by the lips of Elisha; and shall his servant be put to shame? Shall the wicked have occasion to triumph over a prophet of the Lord? Man does not see how such an event can be brought about; but God knows how to bring it to pass. With more ease than man can turn his hand, does God accomplish his purposes, whether of mercy or of vengeance. Every element yields to his control; every creature, from an angel to an insect, is subject to his authority. He speaks, and it is done; he commands, and it stands fast. With such a being for his enemy, what can man do, though millions call him king, and nations throng his standard? With such a friend, what may not the feeblest, most neglected, most oppressed, among the sons of men, expect and hope for? Who can elude his grasp, or withstand his anger? who separate us from his love, or frustrate the purposes of his grace?

Another sad day has passed over Samaria; and the night has again set in, to afford relief for a few fitful hours from the gnawings of hunger and the sights of ghastly woe. The hush of midnight is over the city: no sound heard, save here and there the low moan of famishing poverty, or the feeble utterance of a prayer for help to the God of Jacob. What if the cry of the Syrians should be borne on the wind? Who among the startled sleepers could man the walls, or would not rather fall before the enemy, than live to eke another day of want and misery? But while the Samaritans sleep on, the Syrians wake! Strange noises fill their ears-growing louder and more distinct, like the noise of chariots and the noise of horsemen-even the noise of a great host. Consternation spread from rank to rank of Benhadad's army; and, not being able to account for the noise, except on the supposition that the King of Israel had been joined by the Kings of the Hittites and of the Egyptians, and were fast approaching, they resolved forthwith to raise the siege: and so precipitate was their retreat, they left behind them "their tents, and their horses, and their asses, even the camp, as it was."

In what way such noises were produced, or whether some sudden alarm caused them to imagine the sounds of an approaching army, we can not decide. Who but God could have devised and effected such a plan for the dispersion of Israel's enemies? even that God who overwhelmed Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea; who, in one brief night, smote with death a hundred fourscore and five thousand of Sennacherib's army; who defeated Nebuchadnezzar's malice toward Daniel; and who caused over against the candlestick, on the plaster of the wall of Belshazzar's palace, the finger as of a man's hand writing. Well might David exclaim: "Thou, even thou, art to be feared!" "There were they in great fear where no fear was;" and in like manner he can distract us with terrors, when no terrors are to be seen without. As by the breath of his nostrils he can sweep us from the earth, so can he send an invisible arrow into the soul; filling us with amazement, while others may be ministering to our pleasure; wringing our hearts with secret anguish, while others are envying us our means of happiness.

With what noiseless celerity God accomplished his purpose, may be inferred from the fact that the watchmen of Samaria had no knowledge of Benhadad's retreat. It was so ordered, however, that some lepers should be the first to communicate the unexpected intelligence. These had been thrust from the city; for the ceremonial part of the Levitical code was observed, even when the Israelites were regardless of the moral law; and having lived for several days under the walls, they at last determined to risk the sword of the Syrians rather than die of hunger. But as they approached the Syrian lines, what was their surprise to find neither sentinels nor pickets to oppose their progress! nor was there a soldier nor a camp-follower to be seen, where but at the going down of yesterday's sun the thousands and tens of thousands of Benhadad's forces invested the city; but, instead of the army, their tents, with all their horses and cattle, and all their treasures. The poor lepers were not backward to satisfy their appetites, nor even to appropriate to themselves some of the valuable effects, forgetting-like many a man at the present day, whose health is too precarious to admit of his ever enjoying the riches he is so intent on acquiring-that the golden vessels they were so anxious to secure could be of no manner of use to them. Strange, pitiable cupidity in persons so wretchedly diseased! but not more so, to one who views things aright, than the cupidity of any dying sinner. "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Public calamity tests individual character. If one is supremely selfish, it will appear in his utter disregard for others; and thus these lepers had no thought of the sufferings of their countrymen, till they had not only feasted to satiety, but secured as many golden vessels as they could with safety. Then, making a virtue of necessity, they hastened back and reported what they had seen to the sentinel on the walls, who immediately sent word to the King. How natural that the King should have been suspicious of treachery; and that, to guard against a surprise, he should have sent out parties

to reconnoiter: nor was it till he had satisfactorily ascertained that the Syrians had really left their camp, that he permitted the inhabitants to go out after the supplies. Here, then, was abundance for all Samaria; and thus it came to pass that "a measure of fine flour was sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel."

But where is he who sneeringly asked, "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might this thing be?" Does he not feel rebuked for his skepticism? does he not behold the superabundance which God has laid open to the people? Yes; but having by the King's order been stationed at the gate of the city, he was thrown down in the haste and rush of the famished people after the food, and thus trodden under foot till he died.

NATIONAL BONGS.

BY BLISA COOK.

IT is high time that such of our national songs as glory in the sanguinary victories won in war were abolished, and peaceful lyrics written to their tunes. That one, for instance, in which Britannia is called on to "rule the waves," of course, by means of the guns of three-deckers and frigates vomiting forth their broadsides of cannon-balls, shells, and grape-shot. Such lyrics are pretty sure to be reciprocated in a similar spirit by other nations; and so, in opposition to "Britannia Rules the Waves," we have the following American effusion, "Columbia Rules the Sea," which, though not destitute of poetical talent, embodies the frightful spirit of hostile national rivalry:

NATIONAL SONG.

"Columbia Rules the Sea,"
BY JOSIAH D. CHANNING.

THE pennon flutters in the breeze,
The anchor comes apeak;
Let fall! sheet home! the briny foam
And ocean's waste we seek;
The booming gun speaks our adieu—
Fast fades our native shore—
Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Britannia raled of yore.

We go the tempest's wrath to dare—
The billow's maddened play—
Now climbing high against the sky,
Now rolling low away;
While Yankee oars bear Yankee hearts
Courageous to the core,
Columbia free shall rule the sea,
Britannia ruled of yore.

We'll bear her flag around the world, In thunder and in flame; The sea-girt isles a wreath of smiles Shall form around her name; The wind shall pipe her peans loud, The billows chorus roar— Columbia free shall rule the sea, Britannia ruled of yore.

Is there a haughty foe on earth Would treat her with disdain? "Twere better far that nation were Whelmed in the mighty main! Should war her demon dogs unchain, Or peace her plenty pour, Columbia free shall rule the sea, Britannia ruled of yore!

We suppose most Englishmen will assure our American cousins that it will be many years before "Columbia rules the sea," and before "haughty foes" are

"whelmed in the mighty main;" but the truth is, that we want all such feelings of ferocious rivalry totally forgotten. If the waves are to be ruled, let it be by peaceful science and commerce; and if flags must be borne around the world, they should flutter not amid "thunder and flame," but on errands of kindliness and mercy. The only rivalry between good men should be, the rivalry to confer the highest benefits upon their fellows, and then, though power and glory might be as eagerly sought after as ever, their results would be blessed instead of execrated. There was more true glory won by one disarmed American ship of war bearing food to the famine-stricken Irish, than was ever obtained by the wanton sacrifice of life in battle; and the men who "dare the tempest's wrath" and "the billows maddened play" on such errands, are more truly heroes than those who "seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," and, if they perish, are covered with a more radiant and enduring pall of glory than ever shrouded the brave, but sanguinary and destructive warrior. We would rather be "the bearer of a hundred blessings," than "the hero of a hundred fights."

THE PHASES OF LIFE.

BY 8. B. W.

ALL persons who reach the years of maturity, or decline, are more or less affected by reminiscences of earlier days. Most of us possess some mournful memorials of the past: the lock of hair, the memento of an early attachment-a packet of old letters, the only remaining relics of a perished friend-a book, in which is written the name of one whom we shall see "no more in the flesh." Few are without some such hallowed memorials of the loved and the lost as these. Mournful, indeed, is the lot of that man who can boast no such hallowed memorials, but who has lived through the stages of childhood, youth, and early manhood, and carried away with him from the wreck of years no holy relic of the past! no memento of a friendship or a love which made that past the garden of Eden to his soul! The past never dies, but liveth ever embodied in the present, and woe be to that man who dares not look it boldly and manfully in the face. It may be that crimes, follies, and errors innumerous, may glare upon him from its many sinful yesterdays; but let him not attempt to escape its horrors by plunging still deeper into the follies of the present; for by so doing he will only increase the number of its pursuing specters, and arm them with scorpions, instead of rods.

All the phases of life—childhood, youth, manhood, maturity, and decline—each of them has its own pleasures and pains, its own joys and sorrows. Childhood, with its unquestioning faith, and gushing love, finds its happiness in enjoyments at which maturer age is apt to smile, but after all they are simpler, purer, holier, than any which youth or manhood can boast.

"And we find when life's gaudlest gifts are possess'd, Our simplest enjoyments have still been our best."

What a noble creature might be made up out of the materials of childhood! How joyous and confiding it is! How exultant in the happy life which the good God has given it! It lives with the angels all day long, and closes its eyes at night to their soft singing, meeting them again in visions of the "peaceful heaven." It is a miniature picture of the fabled innocence of man; a type also of that possible perfection, predicted by the prophets and poets of the elder world.

How its memories cling to us in after life! How easily are they excited! A word-a tone of voice-an old song-a name-the mere glance of an eye, reminding us of some one whom we have loved and mourned of old, at once awakens a thousand associations, which appeared to have been forgotten forever; at the slightest touch, memory flings wide the gates of her solemn temple, and forth come trooping the dethroned household gods of the spirit's spring-time, overwhelming and crushing the heart beneath the myriad remembrances which they arouse-like those avalanches of eternal snow, which sometimes fall in mountain masses with a silent dreadfulness, at the mere vibration of the human voice. the fairy tread of the curling mist, or the impulse of the passing eagle's wing. For a time we seem to live our childhood over again, and we are present once more at the household gatherings around the old fireside on the merry Christmas eve, or the holy New-Year's night, when the solemn bells were ringing the dirge of the old year, or welcoming its young successor; the old family prayers, and the far dearer private prayer by our own bedside, when the gentle mother first folded our little hands together, and bade us say, "Our Father;" the still calm Sunday, with its best clothes, its prim walk, two and two, to the old church, with its tiresome services, which we little thought then were going so deep down into our heart of hearts. The old familiar faces come back, too, for a moment, and show themselves once more as we saw them then! The reverend gray hairs of the father and mother, now, alas! sleeping side by side in the old village graveyard, waiting so silently, so serenely, for the promised waking! And there come back to us again the gay companions who met with us round that old fireside, delighting us with their games, their songs, and their merry fictions; faces and voices which made our youth-time a paradise, but which the tempest and the turmoil of life, have seldom permitted to revisit us since-now half remembered, and forgotten again, like the fragments of a dream.

Mournful, indeed, are those breakings-up which sever us so widely from each other, and send us forth by separate paths into the great highway of life, to struggle for a living and a grave. How much would the labor of life be lightened, and how would its darkest cloud be bordered by a golden fringe, if the dear and the loved ones who started with us in the beginning of the race might battle by our side till we had reached its goal! But after the warm heart-gatherings of our youth-time, they come not back again to refresh us with their presence, and to cheer us on in the battle and the strife. Apart we breast the foaming billows-together we sink into the grave. And though with the German poet, we cry in our soul's sore anguish, " Come back again bright youth," yet for us it will not return. O! for one more glimpse of the blue sky, as we beheld it then when we thought it heaven, and while we looked out upon it as the jeweled canopy of this world, believed it to be the starry pavement of another. The old wood still lies black and grim round the old house, as it lay then, but we do not fear its deep glens and its dark hollows now. There are no ghosts and no fairies there any more. We have grown prosaic now, and the beautiful idealism of our youth has spread its sheeny wings, and flown away to gladden other hearts, on which still rests the dew of the morning, and in which the hot siroccos of the world have not yet withered the one green oasis! We have each of us desired in some moments of our life to be once more a child. It is the season of dreams, and day visions, and fictions. We have not as yet come into contact with the iron realities of life. There is, too, such an implicit faith and wonderment in childhood. How reverently we believed the stories and the wonderful adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk, Sinbad the Sailor, and Little Cinderella with her Little Glass Slipper! What tears we shed over the "Babes in the Woods," and how we loved the "Robins," for covering their little bodies up so decently, with the brown withered leaves of autumn! How eagerly we gathered around the winter's hearth, to listen to the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights. and reveled in the gnomes, the genii, the gem-lit caverns, the blazing cities, and the subterraneous kingdoms of oriental fiction! Alas! these are all memories now. Precious golden memories indeed are they, and their subdued and mellow luster comes streaming ever and anon down the toilsome ways of life, and seems, for a time, like moonlight on a rugged landscape, to soften down all that is uneven and inharmonious.

The transition from childhood to youth is not characterized by such strong mental changes, as those which accompany the transition from youth to manhood. Childhood seems to glide almost imperceptibly into youth; our books and associations, and our companions are to a great extent the same, and if our games and amusements are of a somewhat ruder and rougher kind, they are still played on the old spots-the village green, the neighboring copse, the mill-stream, and the old family parlor. Our school-days, too, are not yet ended-those days which our parents, as well as the old schoolmaster, told us, in so many grave lectures, were the happiest days of our life. We didn't believe a word of it all then; to our minds it was a plain contradiction. What! to be shut up during all the long, bright summer days, in an old school-house, among broken forms and dusty books, learning whole pages of grammar, geography, and propria quæ maribus, with the foolscap, and the still more awful " rod for the fool's back," in perspective, and then to be told that these were the happiest days of our life! Most willingly would we have forgone all these strange elements of happiness, and consented to have become miserable in our own way. It was then that hope began to whisper flatteringly in our ear, of the time when we should no longer have frowns or flagellations to fear, but would become our own masters, and go whithersoever we would.

It was then, too, that we first began to hold strange and sacred converse with the outer world: the calm, the storm, the quiet eve, the sunshine, and the pleasant The song of birds, the hum of bees, the softlipped zephyrs floating in flute-like music over the twilight sea; the rippling streamlet gliding along between its thickly wooded banks, in the hot silence of a July noon, and seeming by its eternal freshness to be the only thing capable of exertion. The solemn mountains and the autumn woods seem at this season of life to be peopled with spirits and voices visible and audible to youth alone. The brooding quiet of the evening sky is to its gifted vision like the first unfolded page of the golden scroll of prophecy, in the radiant cyphers of which it attempts to read its future destiny. Then, for the first time, the human soul becomes conscious of its godlike nature, and the grandeur of its immortal destiny, and looking forth from its vailed sanctuary, it bows down before the august divinity of nature, and tenders it its soft and solemn spirit worship.

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A popular writer has remarked, that nine times out of ten, it is over the bridge of sighs that we pass the narrow gulf from youth to manhood. That interval is usually occupied by an ill-placed or disappointed affection; and though the intellect may come out hardened by the trial, the moral nature, the trusting faith of youth has undergone an irreparable shock. We have advanced farther into the black, swollen, turbid torrent of life, and we no longer find it a calm, bright, heaven-reflecting lake. Earth no longer stretches away before us in shadowless beauty, like the paradise of an unfallen world. One false friend has deceived us, and we hastily conclude all to be black and bad. Our companions, too, are gradually dropping away from our side. The manifold businesses of life have deprived us of many, while the grave has closed upon others. Early manhood is one of the most ardently desired epochs of our lives, yet, it is the first in which we begin to feel the pressure of the shroud and the pall. The Æolian music of life is gone, and the fair fields of fancy, over which our young thoughts floated away on gilded gleaming wings, are rapidly fading from our sight. The burden begins to weigh heavily on our shoulders, the step becomes more grave, and the brow more solemn; earth's music wears a sadder, duller tone, the dirge steals in upon the dance, and the revel is disturbed by the requiem! Now, for the first time, we begin to treasure up the wasted dews of thought, and pausing on this first gentle upland of life, we turn a longing, lingering look upon the path which we have trodden, and the scenes which we are leaving belind us forever. The sunshine wears a cloud, and truth has torn off the garments of falsehood, and taught us to take a correcter and less flattering estimate of the world. Memory, too, prepares to decorate the niches in her solemn temple with the forms so dearly loved, but now forever lost. That ancient school-house, which we once thought a dungeon, what a pleasant place it looks now! And the old pedagogue, with his monstrous spectacles, whom we once thought an apt representative of all ogres and giants, and whom we so sadly provoked with our mischievous games, what a kind, good old man he was! How much more sinned against than sinning! Peace to his gentle shade! The whole group of our school-fellows, too, we see them all again, as if it were but yesterday. Not one is missing: we could arrange them all in their classes, and at their desks, from that merry, mischievous, laughter-loving rogue, who was always annoying, and yet always amusing us with his

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,"

down to that grave, melancholy boy, who never fought a battle, nor took part in a mischievous trick, but told us strange and wondrous tales, as would often "beguile us of our ears."

But as early manhood ripens into maturity, these dreams and memories of the past come less seldom upon the spirit. As the distance which divides us from the past widens, the gathering mist of years settles down upon its peaceful vales and sunny landscapes; and the faint light which streams down upon the crumbling homes of youth and childhood, though beautiful as autumn sunset in an Alpine solitude, is sad as moonlight upon graves.

We dream most at the beginning and close of life; middle age is too deeply engaged in the world to give much time to dreams, however beautiful. The chain and the yoke bind us too closely to the stern realities of existence. The iron has entered into our soul, and a feverish restlessness and anxiety for wealth and fame has enthroned itself in our heart. The extent of our wandering shows us but the limit of our chain, and our attempts to soar only reveal to us the lowness of our dungeon. We feel a proud impulse stirring within us, urging us to struggle for the wreath of intellectual preeminence. We may not be idle amidst the busy throng which is hemming us in, and panting to outstrip us in the race. And so over the dead bodies of dissimulation, envy, and despair, we battle on till every energy is exhausted, every hope gone; and old age, pitying our unavailing strife, leads us back to the home of our childhood to spend the evening of our days in peace.

Such are the "Phases of Life." Such the round of fate to one-to all of us. A buoyant, imaginative youth, a vigorous manhood, a restless maturity, a decrepit old age, a death-bed made beautiful by the abiding love of some few true-hearted friends, and a quiet grave in the old church where we breathed our first prayer. Yes! however widely men may wander in life, they come home to die, to lay themselves down to rest in their

fathers' sepulcher.

Like those cunning Indian arrows, which, when they have described the intended arc, return to the spot from whence they were projected, so the spent life-travelers carry back their bodies to the starting-point of home! The dying eagle drags its feeble flight to its own eyrie, and the passage-birds come back to die in the woods, where they first tried their infant wings; and so men, worn and weary men, gather back, from commerce-mart and battle-field, to resign their consciousness where first it broke into being.

Such is life, a thing made up of moments, too often unwisely squandered away, and wasted by young hearts who know not their value, and forget that their memories of sanctity or sin will pervade forever the whole firmament of being.

I WANDERED LONELY. BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE following fragment from the pen of Wordsworth is very exquisite, and has never had a circulation equal to its deserts. No primrose or spring violet was ever more perfect in touching, simple beauty than it:

I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vales and hills. When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of golden daffodils; Beside the lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay. Ten thousand saw I at a glance Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. The waves beside them danced, but they Outdid the sparkling waves in glee: A poet could not but be gay In such a jocund company; I gazed-and gazed-but little thought What wealth the show to me had brought. For oft when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude; And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the daffodills.

THE FROST-WORK OF WINTER.

How beautiful do the naked ramifications of the trees show through the clear, unclouded moonlight of winter! Even if you only look upon the shadows on the ground, every bough and twig are so clearly limned, that you might easily copy them on paper; but resting upon the clear, blue background of a frosty and moonlight sky, the strongly marked lines stand out beautifully: you behold a grace and a harmony which you had never before seen, and are struck with the naked perfection you now witness; and you feel delighted that you have discovered something new. All kinds of fanciful forms, that were ever embroidered, or netted, are there: rich open-work, shaped into flowers, and stars, and diaonded spaces, that go opening and running into splendid scroll-work, formed by boughs which spread out, and sprays that droop down, and slender twigs that fall between, and cross, at every imaginable angle, in deep and slender lines, as if the inner work were trimmed round with a dark border. Magnificent, too, is the moonlight upon the river, when the silver rays trail from ripple to ripple, making a bright pathway far along, which ever, as you move, is still before you; growing more lovely under every cloud that passes over, while the water reflects each star, deep down, in the blue chambers that are mirrored below. On the banks, too, where the sharp-edged and broad-bladed flags droop, and the tall, tufted reeds wave with their parted plumes, a hundred varying shadows are ever moving and crossing each other, as they fall upon the transparent ripples.

What picturesque wintery landscapes have I seen on a frosted pane! Sometimes as of a wild, mountainous country covered over with snow, with here and there a little cottage, half buried beneath the heavy mass which had fallen into the valley below; or, high up, was the hunter indistinctly seen in the far distance, descending from the giddy hights. At times the scene was a vast solitary forest, amid the silence and desolation of which no living thing moved; not even a breath of wind seemed ever to have stirred a feathery snow-flake, and every way the eye caught glimpses of deep hollows, filled with snow, across which huge trees stretched, with their entangled roots, which were twisted into a thousand fantastic forms, and lay heavily upon the white underwood they had crushed in their fall. On another pane the frost had shaped itself into an English landscape; and far away over the snow-covered fields, which were diversified by many a long hedge, amid many a lonely cottage, and thatched homestead, there seemed to rise the village spire in the distance, amid its clump of frozen trees, while a long line of white undulating hills, filled up the background of the picture; and all the foreground was covered with fan-like ferns and silver fir-trees, and such flowers as the eye never saw, saving in that fanciful and frosted garden. Sometimes a wide moorland seemed to spread out, where not a rude hut rose, neither was there any vestige of a human habitation, nor the outline of a lonely road, to tell that aught living had ever moved over that solitary scene; but, far as the eye could stretch, it seemed one unbounded and untrodden desert of snow. Many an hour did I amuse myself, when a boy, by tracing upon the frozen panes such scenes as these; and even in a bright fire, on a winter's night, has the imagination also been at work, tracing castle, and crag, and ragged precipices, and lofty mountains, whose deep gorges were lighted up

with a blazing suaset of gold. Such trifles as these prove that the mind of an imaginative person need never for a moment want either an object for amusement or for meditation; for even the book that is read through and closed, to a fanciful person, will still furnish new entertainment, for the inward eye will then endeavor to call up the very scenes he has been reading about—the characters will pass before him, one by one, while each stirring incident rises up with all its lifelike action. If on sea, we picture the shipwrecked man, clinging to a spar, and tossed by the angry billow upon the beach. We see the tiger from which he had so narrow an escape, retreat, bleeding and wounded, into the jungle. We hear the thunder of the deep avalanche tearing down the steep mountain-pass, which the traveler had but a few minutes before left; and we behold the oak under which he had sheltered when the tempest first commenced, driven into a thousand pieces by the dreaded thunderbolt. And as the mind thus pictures the incidents which link page to page in the volume, we seem somehow to become an actor in all these stirring and dangerous scenes. One individual will walk a mile or two through the country, and scarcely meet with a single object that arrests his attention, or furnishes him with matter on which to make a remark when he returns home; another, more observant, although he traverses scarcely a quarter of the same space of ground, will meet with a hundred things to interest and delight him. So would it be with the frost-work and the fire-one would only see a zigzag and unmeaning mass of white, which deadened the light, in the beautiful tracery upon the window-pane; and the fire would only interest him so far as he was either warm or cold, and according to his feelings, as it burnt either dull or bright: while the other would see in the same objects all we have attempted to describe.

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THE LABORER AND THE SABBATH.
BY JOHN ALLAN QUINTON.

THE Sabbath, as a day of relaxation and refreshment, should be esteemed precious by the working classes in particular. The statesman, the merchant, the manufacturer, and even the tradesman, can often escape the duties or emancipate themselves from the thrall of business; and, vanishing from their respective engagements, may embark for foreign travel, and luxuriate awhile in some invigorating clime; or, wandering up and down our own fair isle in search of health, may halt at spots rich in historic interest and in memorials of ancient fame, or may visit the wonder-teeming cities and towns reared by modern enterprise; or else, if wearied with the excitement of such scenes, may turn aside for a season to the margin of the ocean, and there inhale health and gladness from its bracing breezes, refresh their bodies in its living waters, and soothe the irritation of their feelings with the music of its murmurings. But not so the poor working-man; he can not go beyond his tether-he can rarely cast off his collar. From morning's dawn to evening's close, and often into the deep shadows of the night-through scenes of sorrow and tribulation and the incipient stages of disease—his ne-cessities chain him to his post. Condemned, like Sisyphus of old, to roll the stone of labor up the steep acclivity of life, which, on having neared the summit, rebounds to its starting-point again, he finds himself, after the disbursements of his scanty wages, again at the bottom of the mountain, yoked to his hopeless task, and compelled to begin anew the uphill struggle.

But cheer thee, child of travail! The blessed Sabbath is thine own! It is the excellent gift of thy Maker-see, then, that no man rob thee of the boon! It is the heirloom of thy family-see that it be not alienated from their possession! It is a sacred inheritance, bequeathed by successive generations of the godly-see, then, that its frail fences are kept unbroken, and that its fruitful soil is not, through neglect, cursed with sterility and nakedness! The fifty-two Sabbaths of rest with which the year is interspersed are like patches of verdure, watered by ever-springing fountains, that dot the inhospitable wilderness, and invite its fainting travelers to exhilaration and repose. They are the ports that fringe the sea of human industry, in which the distressed bark may find a sure anchorage, and where it may renew the outfit for time and for eternity.

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O, glorious Sabbath! almoner and nurse of health! we, the children of toil, flee to the shadow of thy protection. Thou standest beside us, like some guardian spirit, casting over us the shield of thine excellency, infolding our jaded powers in thy sustaining arms, and saying to the encroaching tide of human selfishness: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be staid." May thy bulwarks, notwithstanding all hostile assaults, stand strong as the everlasting hills, and be, in all coming ages, for a refuge and a covert to the children of men!

THE POWER OF ILLUSTRATION. BY REV. JOHN DOWLING.

WHO does not know, from his own experience, that a truth will remain, long after the lips of the preacher or teacher who uttered it are cold in death; fastened in the memory, "like a nail in a sure place," when it is clinched by a pointed and striking illustration. Nearly thirty years ago, I remember going to hear that remarkable old man, the Rev. Rowland Hill, preach a sermon in the city of London, on behalf of a Bible Society. The text, the subject, and the plan of the discourse, have long since faded from my memory-for I was but a boy then-but there was one illustration employed, which I have always remembered, and which, it appears to me, I should never forget, if I should live to the age of Methusalah; and although the comparison was a little below the standard of taste and refinement which I would commend to the preachers of the present day, I will mention it, in proof of my remark. Mr. Hill had been alluding to the excuses of the Papists for keeping the Bible, as much as possible, from the people, because there were some things in it "hard to be understood." "And what would you think," said the good old man, as he bent forward, leaning one elbow on the pulpit, and putting on his look of peculiar archness-" would you think of a father, whose little boy should come to him hungry, and say, 'Father, I want some meat,' and he should reply, though he had a good joint of meat in the cupboard, 'No, my son, I won't give you any meat, because you can't eat all the bone." lustration I quote, not as a model of beauty, but for its pith, point, and adhesiveness, for I know not how the idea in the mind of the speaker could have been more forcibly communicated.

PRAISE is seldom paid with willingness even to incontestable merit, and it can be no wonder, that he who calls for it without desert is repulsed with universal indignation. RESISTANCE OF RIDICULE.

I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance: it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds to combat with the mass upon such subjects as these. But learn, from the earliest days, to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously and grandlyas a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE RELIGIOUS.

"THE pleasures of sin"--make the most of themare but "for a season." And that season, alas! how short, and how uncertain! Longer than this short life they can not last; up to its final close, they seldom, if ever, remain. Behold the man whom this world has called happy. Ah! he called his wish, and it came; and then he called another, and another, and they came, and he lived according to the sight of his eyes, and according to the desire of his heart, and he went on through scenes of sensuality for a few years; but it is over now; his poor body is wasted by excessive intemperance, he is dragging about with him an emaciated frame, and his angry conscience, like a specter, meets him at every turn, and stares him in the face, and makes his guilty blood creep through his veins-while his irritated passions, which can no longer be gratified, gnaw his very soul. And is this the consummation of this world's happiness? "O, my soul, come thou not into their secret;" with such men, "mine honor, be not thou united." But then the happiness of religion, being pure and undefiled, is "incorruptible and fadeth not away." Here is a happiness that goes with us through the varied scenes of life; here is a happiness that the rough hand of death can not strip us of. Death calls upon the man of this world to strip and die, and this world can take away what it gave; but the world did not give the good man his happiness-it came from God; and the world can not take it away, and death can not take it away. And it sometimes happens, that his happiness at that hour rises higher than ever. O! the joy of the Christian is a joy which death increases, and eternity crowns. Then he will drink, and be satisfied; he will have access to rivers of pleasure at God's right hand for evermore, where there will be all sunshine, and no cloud or storm; where there will be a day that shall never be followed by night, where the sun shall rise that shall never set, and where "the days of mourning shall be ended."

NEW BOOKS.

THE TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP: a Gift-Book for the Holidays for 1850. Edited by Bradford K. Pierce. Boston: Charles H. Pierce. 1850 .- This work should have been noticed in our January number; but the review written of it for that iss was, unfortunately, a day or two too late for insertion. We hasten to make such amends as are now possible; and we are less sorrowful for the above-named failure, as most of the matter of the book is of permanent value, and will be as good at the end of the year as it is at the beginning of it. It has received considerable commendation from a large number of the most judicious papers; and we can say emphatically, that with the exception of our own contribution, of which it would not become us to speak, and which we could not praise, the articles are entirely from our very best writers, and are quite characteristic and favorable specimens of their style of compo sition. The work can be had at the Western Book Concern

MEMOIRS OF THE LIPE AND WRITINGS OF DR. CHALMERS. By the Rev. William Hanna, LL. D. Harper & Brothers. 1850 .- Two volumes of this work have been published. We have read them both with decided interest and profit, and found it difficult, on those evenings devoted to their perusal, to get to our sleeping-quarters in due season. They bring the life of the great preacher down to the close of his splendid ministerial career at Glasgow. Before reading this memoir, we had been sufficiently convinced of the commanding talents of the orator, but had never been led to acquire so warm a sympathy for the virtues of the man. The reader may now set us down as an admirer of Dr. Chalmers in almost all respects. His uncontrollable independence, from the time when he was a slighted tutor in a vulgar and good-for-nothing rich man's family, to the period of his greatest social triumphs, is particularly the object of our admiration. He was even more uncon querable and immovable in his self-respect, when in obscurity, than when in all the splendor of his after life. He was, at the same time, modest, retiring, respectful, and, after his conversion at Kilmany, deeply pious. The work is of thrilling interest.

HORE PAULINE; or, the Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul Evinced. By William Paley, D. D., Archde Carlisle.—The works of Paley are too well known to need commendation. Indeed, they have received so much applause that the critical public have become a little weary with giving praise, and have begun to find fault with a degree of sharpness. Almost the only speck, however, upon the great man's reputation as an author is, that he was a profuse borrower, though he was not over-scrupulous about giving credit for his indebtedness to other men's labors. We learned, many years ago, that his far-famed Moral Philosophy is almost wholly taken from the Light of Nature, by Abraham Tucker; and that most of his works are made up from choice materials supplied him by other writers. Still, this is an objection to his character as a man of honor, but not to the works produced by him as an author. These, in general, are beyond all praise. Paley's power of clear and exact statement, of apt illustration, and of sound logic, is nearly unrivaled. This work stands next to his Natural Theology in point of ability and popularity. It is well brought out by Robert Carter, New York, as a 12mo, of two hundred and sixty pages. On sale at the Western Book Concern.

LECTURES ON THE PILORIM'S PROGRESS AND ON THE LIPE AND TIMES OF JOHN BUNYAM. By Rev. George B. Cheever. Robert Carter: New York. 1851.—This work has reached its sighth edition! The editions are, probably, not small ones. This fact, added to the well-known reputation of the lecturer, together with the standard value of the book reviewed, are enough to recommend the volume before us to our readers. We have not read it. It is a work of over five hundred pages, 12mo.

THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS: a Practical Exposition of Ephesians vi, 10-18. By the Rev. John Leyburn, D. D. Robert Carter & Brothers: New York. 1851.—This is a production of more than common merit. It is a description of the armor, which every Christian is expected to wear, as he goes to fight

the battles of his faith. The topics treated, and the manner of treating them, can not fail to make a deep and good impression upon every reader.

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BOGATSKY'S GOLDEN TREASURY. Robert Carter: New York, 1851.—This is a beautiful and charming vade-mecum for the devont Christian. It is a sort of miniature likeness of Jay's Exercises—a companion for the closet—with a passage of Scripture, accompanied by a little gem of an essay, for every day in the year.

THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER. By Ambross Serle, Esq., Author of Hora Solitaria, etc. New York: Robert Carter, 1850.—This is another of Carter's gems. It consists of short, pertinent, religious essays on religious subjects, in the devotional and belles-lettres style united.

PROSPECTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. By Rev. Nathan Bangs, D. D. Lane & Scott: New York. 1850.-Whatever comes from the pen of the venerable and much-respected Dr. Bangs will be read, as it ought to be, by hundreds and thousands of his friends in all parts of the United States and the Canadas. This production will be received with peculiar satisfaction. It is a sort of last testimony respecting the doctrines and Discipline of Methodism. We are glad to see this venerated man on the side of progress. While the doctrine is kept unchangeable, the Discipline, he thinks, should not be stereotyped, but left in its original flexible state, so as to bend to circumstances as the times and the temperament of the times may alter. That is the true doctrine. That is "old-fashioned" Methodism. The idea that the Discipline is now finished; that it must now be let alone; that it must be allowed to harden and petrify as it is, without any farther attempts to meet the ever-varying cirnstances of the world, would be new-fashioned Methodism, as narrow and unscriptural as inexpedient. We hope the Doctor's work will be read extensively in our whole country.

WESTERN SCENERY; or, Land and River, Hill and Dale, in the Mississippi Valley: from original sketches taken expressly for this work. Otto Onken: Cincinnati. 1851 .- This is a new and altogether splendid undertaking. The first issue contains views of Louisville and Cincinnati, with other embellishments of rare beauty. The literary department is by our esteen correspondent. Professor Wells, whose beautiful style of writing is equaled only by the striking and graphic pictures of this gallery. The title shows the character of the work per-The execution of these lithographs is the best ever done in the Mississippi Valley. This is the universal judgment of critics; and the letter-press illustrations are done up in Mr. Wells' most attractive manner-which is praise enough for any composition. If our readers want something truly elegant and artistically finished, in the way of the scenery of the great west, this is the publication for them. It appears in numbers semi-monthly, at twenty-five cents per number. Twenty-four numbers will make the volume, Orders can be sent to Mr. Onken at 214 Walnut-street, Cincinnati, to Edwards & Pillard, St. Louis, or to R. E. Edwards & Co., Louisville, Ky. R. Martin, 46 Ann-street, is the agent for New York city.

THE AMPHICTION'S MEMENTO: an Address delicered at Lima, N. Y., July 25, 1850, before the Amphictyon Association. By the Rev. W. H. Goodsein, A. M.—We had the pleasure of listening to this eloquent discourse. It is in all respects an honor to its author's head, heart, scholarship, and pen.

THE AGE AND THE SEX: an Address delivered at Science Hill, June 20, 1850. By Rev. Joseph Cross, A. M.—It is beautifully written, and full of the very gems of thought.

THE BIBLE AND THE HUMAN INTELLECT: an Address delivered at Coshocton, O., by Rev. D. Trueman, evinces extensive reading, good judgment, and manly style.

TWENTY-FIFT ANNUAL CATALOGUE of the Officers and Students of Oncids Conference Seminary. 1851.—This is one of the foremost academical institutions in the land; and under its present faculty, with Dr. Bannister at its head, it flourishes as in days of yore.

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THE EDINBURG REVIEW for October, 1850, has the following articles:

- 1. History of the English Language-a very learned and able paper. Some of its criticisms on style and diction are
- 2. The United States -- a highly eulogistic review of several works on America, in which the United States receive very liberal praises.
- 3. British Museum Commission-an examination into the history and conduct of that institution.
- 4. Mure's Ancient Greek Language and Literature—gives a programme of a series of learned works on that subject, and highly commends the first three volumes of the series.
- The Euphrates Expedition-which complains of the smaller details of the several learned reports of this expedition, but highly eulogizes the more important facts developed in them.
- 6. Recent Classical Romances—not read.
 7. Emigration and Industrial Training—in which the writer opposes the thoughtless emigration of multitudes to foreign countries, and advocates the establishment of industrial schools as a remedy.
- 8. Difficulties of Republican France-in which the present French government is severely but justly criticised.
- 9. Horace and Tusso-a biographical and literary parallel.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for October, 1850, brings us the following list:

- 1. Tickner's History of Spanish Literature-complimentary, but endeavors to make the work a compliment to British rather than to American literature.
- 2. The Church and Education in Wales-which advocates the doctrines of educating the Welsh children in their own language, and not in the English.
- 3. Forms of Salutation-an interesting attempt to show that the characters of nations are expressed in their form of salu-
- tation. 4. Siberia and California-a comparison of the mineral resources of the two countries.
- 5. The Homeric Controversy-a review of Mure's above named work, which, with the author, takes the ground that the
- Homeric poems are the work of one poet.
 6. Metropolitan Water Supply—not read.
- 7. Regnault on the Provisional Government-a caustic review. ng Italy—a severe review of a work of that name by Mr. Baillie Cochrane, aimed, however, rather against Lord
- Palmerston than against the author of the work. 9. The Last Days of Louis Philipps-a brief account of the death of the ex-King of the French.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October has the following list of articles:

- 1. Hindu Drama-a very unique but really interesting review of the two recent Hindu dramas, entitled, Vicramor vasi and
- Maha-vira-charits. We have examined it with pleasure.

 2. Natural Systems of Botany—as might be imagined, rather scientific. It is deserving, however, of a very general reading.
- 3. Consular Establishments-a discussion of the origin, rank, privileges, duties, jurisdiction, and emoluments of British and French consuls, and introductory to a future consideration of the subject.
- 4. Tennyson's In Memoriam-like all of the other reviews which we have seen of In Memoriam, highly laudatory. It must be gratifying to Mr. Tennyson to know, that though unsuccessful in his earlier efforts, his later effusions are meeting with universal acclaim.
- 5. County Court Extension-brief and pungent. It will interest legal readers chiefly.
- 6. Memoirs of Wm. Penn-a thrust at Macaulay. The closing entence reads thus: "We believe that long after the Quaker sect and its peculiarities shall be forgotten, the name of Penn will be held up as a distinguished legislator, a great and powerful teacher, a sincere Christian, and a man of perfect and undeviating integrity."
 - 7. Summary of the Session-a notice of the votes and pro-

ceedings of the house of commons from January 13 to August 15, 1850. Interesting only to British readers.

- 8. Septemary Institutions-elaborate, and of great length. We have read it carefully and with some surprise. It is a sort of lex talionis for the friends of Sabbath reform in Great Britain. The writer aims to prove that there never was such a thing as a Sabbath in this world, till it was fished up by the Scotch Presbyterians, or rather by the English Protestants and their descendants. He also endeavors to prove that the word year means only season, and that, therefore, Methusalah, who is reputed to have been nine hundred and sixty-nine years of age, was really not quite two hundred and forty-three years We have no time, in this connection, to follow up his reasoning, but will merely propound two queries: What has made the difference between Christians and Pagans wherever found? and what is the state of society where there is no Sabbath, and where the people run after the goddess of reason, and deem the light of nature an all-sufficient guide?
- 9. Foreign Literature-made up with extracts from recent French, Italian, and other publications.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for November is before us, but we have not had time to read it. The following are its articles:

- 1. Carlyle's Latter-Day Pamphlets.
- 2. The Philosophy of Language.
 3. The Life of Dr. Heugh.
- 4. The Agricultural Crisis.
- 5. The Reformed Church of France,
- 6. Autobiography of Leigh Hunt.
- 7. The English Universities.
- 8. Italian Dictionaries.

 British Association for the Advancement of Science.
 All of the foregoing works are republished in this country by Leonard Scott & Co., New York. These are the leading literary reviews of the age. They are worthy of a place upon the table of every inquiring and reading man. The subscription price for each is \$3 per annum; but the four, together with Blackwood, can be had for the very low sum of \$10. We heartily recommend all of them to our readers.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE is conducted with its usual marked ability. We could not dispense with its regular weekly visits. Published by E. Littell & Co., Boston, at six dollars per annum.

WESTERN HORTICULTURAL REVIEW is the name of a new monthly conducted by Dr. J. A. Warder, of our city. Its first number was issued last October. Typographically, editorially, and otherwise, it seems ably conducted.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCES AND ARTS, under the editorial supervision of the Messrs. Silliman and James D. Dana, is a most valuable journal. It is published by the editors, at New Haven, Conn., on the first day of every second month, at five dollars per year.

THE THEOLOGICAL AND LITERARY JOURNAL is the name of a quarterly journal, edited by D. N. Lord, and published simultaneously at New York and London, at three dollars per The January number contains a review of Professor Stuart's Commentary on Daniel, a reply to Professor Bush's Objections to the Laws of Figurative Language, and a variety of other essays and reviews.

THE MESSAGE BIRD: a Literary and Musical Journal, edited ed published by M. Brockelbank, New York, is among the first of our exchanges. It is a semi-monthly, published at \$1.50 per annum. Each number contains four pages of excellent music. The matter, generally original, is of an elevated character; and the editorial department is managed with peculiar skill and good taste. We commend, most heartily, the Message Bird to any and all of our readers who are lovers of music and who are laboring for the exaltation and advancement of the art.

THE WESTERN LITERARY MAGAZINE: edited and published by George Brewster, Columbus, O., is the name of a new monthly, devoted to the interests of education, science, and morals. We cordially wish it success.

NEWSPAPERS.

"I HAVE never known," says Dr. Chandler, speaking of a not uncommon form of insanity in his Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital Report, "a patient brought to a hospital who had fears of coming to want, but was considered by his neighbors as a man of wealth. I apprehend that the fear of poverty but very seldom brings insanity to the poor."

The wedding-ring of Martin Luther has been brought to New York by Charles Luther, a lineal descendant of the reformer. The present King of Prussia offered 3,000 thalers, about \$1,600, for it, but was refused. On the inside is inscribed, "Dr. Martin Luther to Catherine von Buren, June 13, 1525."

Hogarth was a remarkably "absent man." On setting up his carriage, he paid a visit to the Lord Mayor, and having protracted his stay till a heavy shower came on, he was led ont by a different door to that by which he entered, and, unmindful of his carriage, he set off on foot, and reached home dripping wet. When Mrs. Hogarth asked him where he had left his carriage, he said he had forgotten it.

Every thing useful or necessary is cheapest. Walking is the most wholesome exercise, water the best drink, and plain food the most neurishing and healthy diet. Even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

The English Religious Tract Society circulated last year, at home and abroad, about 22,000,000 publications, or 1,833,000 monthly, 423,000 weekly, 60,000 daily, 2,500 hourly, and 42 for every minute of the day and night throughout the year.

The frost which nips the foliage of the mulberry-tree kills not the silkworm cradled in its leaves; so Christian calamity may blight your bowers of ease, but it can not destroy you.

An ingenious contrivance for imbedding telegraph wires in the bed of rivers and shallow waters has been invented by W. H. Allen, who has taken out a patent. A gigantic plowshare is attached to the bottom of a steam-scow, which being propelled, draws a furrow in a muddy bottom to the depth of six feet. The wire is delivered from a reel on deck, and passing slowly through the plow, is deposited in the furrow, and covered in.

Alexander the Great, seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones, piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "I am searching," said Diogenes, "for the bones of your father, but I can not distinguish them from those of his slaves,"

He who has not experienced the friendship of woman knows not half the charms and delights of friendship. Woman possesses the art of embellishing the saddest moments of our life, by unalterable sweetness of temper, constant care, and unwearied attention; she is man's best companion in prosperity, and in adversity his truest friend.

A mechanic in London has invented a machine for the purpose of awakening himself early in the morning. To a Dutch clock is attached a lever, which may be set to any given hour, and when the time arrives it is released by the clock, when the machinery rings a bell, and strikes a match, which lights an oil lamp.

Years rash by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man, who, like the millwright, employs every gust.

In New Jersey there is an abundance of the red oxyd of zinc, combined with franklinite. This latter is an iron ore resembling small black peas. The zinc is superior to the zinc of commerce, and the iron is equal to the very best iron known in commerce. The iron is of a strength equal to 77,000 pounds per square inch, and the zinc equal to 10,000 pounds. The best Swedish iron is only of the strength of 72,064 pounds, and the best English is only 61,000.

It is estimated that upward of thirty thousand children have, within the past fifty years, been christened George Washington.

The average depth of water in the different lakes is a question upon which there is little information. Dr. Drake gives it as follows: St. Clair, 20 feet; Erie, 84; Ontario, 500; Supe-

rior, 900; Huron and Michigan, 4,000. In standard works, Lake Erie is usually stated to have the depth of 120 feet. The deepest soundings have been made in Luke Huron: off Saginaw Bay 2,800 feet of line have been sent down without finding bottom.

The Rev. Mr. Mark, a traveling Baptist preacher in Connecticut, in early times was imprisoned in Windham jail, where it is said this strange record of his indictment still remains; namely, "For preaching the Gospel, contrary to law."

It appears, from returns published by the British Postmaster-General, that the entire number of letters distributed during the year 1849 amounted to 337,550,009. In the year 1839 there were only 76,000,000 distributed.

At the earthquake at Sicily, in 1693, above 100,000 lives were lost. In the great earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, 60,000 perished. In that at Calabria, in 1785, about 40,000 were swallowed up. In that at Aleppo, in 1822, 30,000 were buried in the rains. In that at Caraccas, in 1812, 10,000 were destroyed. In that at Port Haytien, in 1841, 10,000 perished. And in Guadaloupe, in 1843, between 4,000 and 5,000 were slain.

In the Bank of England, 28,000 notes are thrown off daily; and so accurately is the number indicated by machinery, that to purloin one without being detected is impossible.

The great lake discovered in the interior of South Africa, in latitude 19 south, and in longitude 24 cast, has since been explored. The vegetation upon its banks is tropical; the language of the natives upon its shores is unlike that of any other of the African tribes.

It is a curious fact in the history of discovery, that the manufacture of glass was a few years since unknown at Sidon, where it is reputed to have been first invented.

The first allusion to telegraphs on record, is to be found in the thirty-fifth verse of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job: "Canst thou send the lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, here we are?"

In the United Kingdom, 6,023 miles of railroad cost £320,-000,000 sterling, equal to a thousand and fifty millions of dollars, or \$175,000 per mile. Massachusetts, 1,070 miles, cost \$53,-957,000 equal to \$45,000 a mile. England has spent \$62 and Massachusetts \$55 to each inhabitant, and a mile of railroad to seven square miles; England a mile to eight square miles.

Time will soon be over, and eternity commence; dare we, then, squander or waste, not only that which is not our own, but that property of others which no application can replace, no diligence can restore?

Mr. Layard, in excavating beneath the great pyramid at Nimrod, has penetrated a mass of masourr, within which he has discovered the tomb and statue of Sardanapalus, with full annals of that monarch's reign engraved on the walls.

A project is now on foot for the establishment of a spacious Zoological and Botanical Garden near the city of New York, immediately on the banks of the Hudson river. The lot chosen for the garden contains about twenty acres, which is about a third larger than the London Zoological Gardens.

There are looking-glasses for the face, but none for the mind: the defect must be supplied by a serious reflection upon one's self.

Industry is the great moralizer of man. The great art of education, therefore, consists in knowing how to occupy every moment in well-directed and useful activity of the youthful powers.

From 1810 to 1848 inclusive, twenty-five millions, six hundred and sixty-eight thousand, five hundred and fifty-seven dollars have been contributed in the United States for Bible, missionary, and other evangelical objects of benevolence; and of this sum, five millions, five hundred and forty-seven thousand, and ninety dollars have been contributed to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The Archbishop of Lemberg has prohibited his clergy from wearing long hair like the peasants, and from smoking in public "like demagogues and sons of Baal."

A cement that will neither crack nor crease, may be made with a solution of pearlash and sulphuric acid, mixed to the exact point of neutralization with powder of gypsum. EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Ladies' Repository for the month of February is before the reader. If it affords him any satisfaction, or contributes to his profit, we shall be heartily glad of it.

Our readers will find some new names in the present num-"Life's Pilgrims," by Miss Phobe Carey, is the beginning of a regular poetical correspondence. Miss Alice Carey will commence a prose correspondence in the next number. The article by Rev. Silas Comfort will be welcomed. It is due to him to say, that its tardiness in appearance arose from its being mislaid, during our absence, when our office was in the process of removal. We hope this apology will be sufficient, and that our friend will prove it sufficient by giving us another article. The "Leaves from an Autobiography" come without a name; but the author of them will receive the thanks, doubtless, of our readers. The lines by our friend, Rev. Hebron Vincent, came from the writer's heart. We can not blame him for his admiration of his "sea-girt isle," It is a most enchanting spot. The society of the island is what gives it its chief pre-eminence. The people are enlightened, hospitable, generous, warm-hearted, just the people with whom a man of Mr. Vincent's poetical temperament can spend the remnant of his days with satisfaction. Rev. Mr. Trafton's "Rambles in Europe" came too late for our January issue, though the article was on our table in November.

Will our correspondents please remember, what we have so often stated, that, inanmuch as we make up our numbers at least two months before their date, they should be in season? This caution will apply to several pieces, which came too late for insertion. One article, for example, came with this inscribed on it: "Will the editor be so kind as to insert this in his December number?" but the trouble of it was, the January number was out when his document reached our office!

Some of our readers may wonder, when they see this statement, why the work is so late in getting to them. This is the answer: The numbers require one month to carry them through the press. They are then ready for being mailed about the first of the month preceding that of their date; that is, this number was delivered to the mailing-room about the first of January; but the mailers begin with the most distant places, thus reaching the outside circumference of our field of circulation first, and so gradually contracting their operations, till, on the last days of January, the February number is handed to our subscribers in Cincinnati and New York. This system becomes necessary from the extent of the territory covered by us, our work going into every state of the Union, into the Canadas, and a few copies even to foreign countries. It may be, nevertheless, that some of our subscribers do not get the work till a late period. We do not know the reason. One thing we do know-the fault does not originate in our office. Much of it is undoubtedly owing to the accidents of the post-office.

In the last volume we published a sketch of the life of Andrew Sigourney, son of the well-known poeters, written by a female friend of Mrs. Sigourney. This article was thought to be written by a gentleman. Mrs. Alexander, the writer referred to, whose taste, and genius, and chirography would have been familiar to us, had we been at home to have read her contribution, and whose beautiful effusions have heretofore adorned our pages, under the better known signature of Miss Mary Elizabeth Wentworth, merits this correction. We hope to hear from her often.

One of our correspondents, a member of a New York conference, writes us a welcome letter, in which he asks: "Did you not praise Unitarianism too much?" but immediately adds, "I think I shall be able to double your list of subscribers in this place for the next volume." Another worthy individual, but with whom we have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, writes to the publishers at New York, that he wishes his own subscription stopped "at once," saying, that "the reasons for this are found in the 'Tracks of a Traveler,' (vol. x, p. 355)." The writer adds: "Whatever may be the editor's opinion of the man who unchristianizes Channing, etc., I can not and will not permit the entrance into my family of a work, which makes Unitarianism equally safe with the

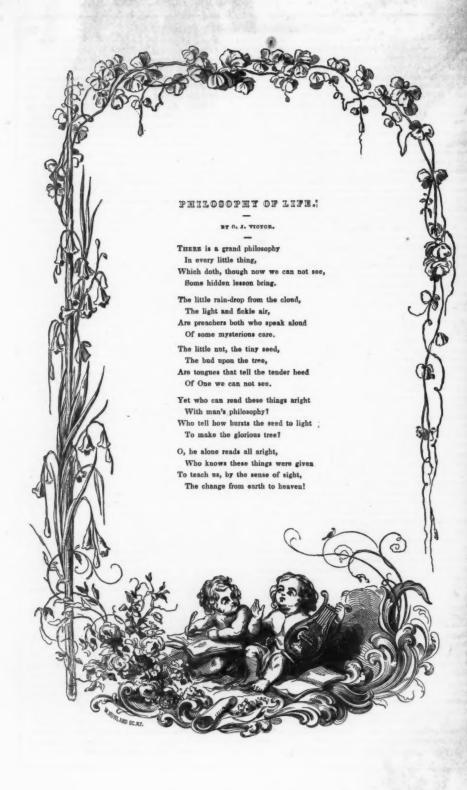
doctrines taught by our Church, and on the same ground 1 shall oppose the farther circulation of that periodical among my people on the circuit." Such is the difference between men! Both these writers think alike; but how opposite the arses they promise to pursue! To both of them, in the spirit of all meckness, we offer a New-Year's gift, if they will find a line, or a word, or a syllable, in all our scribblings since the world was put together, "in praise of Unitarianism," or making "Unitarianism equally safe with the doctrines taught by our Church." To the latter we will make the still further overture, in consideration of his greater zeal for "the doctrines taught by our Church," of a whole box of presents, if he will find a solitary reference to Unitarianism, ever made by us, in which it is not condemned. The truth of it is, during our Methodist life of over twenty years, we have been not a little valorous for the faith, and hope, too, of "our Church;" but, while being rigid respecting doctrines, we have endeavored to be charitable respecting men. We may have suffered for this We may have yet to suffer more. Indeed, we are charity. informed by the New York publishers, that others have objected besides the one whose words are quoted. We may, therefore, lose many subscribers; we know not how many we may lose; but, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of such a result, wherein the interests of the Church would be made to suffer for the sake of an editorial fault, we deem it of more value to preserve our charity, than to keep up our While we live, Methodism shall have the honor, or the dishonor, as different individuals may regard it, of having one minister, however humble, who will not sell his charity at any price. We do not fear, however, of living entirely alone. While maintaining this kindly feeling toward all men, we shall be sincerely and heartily sorry, if, at any time, it shall chance to be expressed by us in too careless or unguarded terms.

Our correspondents will be so kind as to exercise patience; and we bespeak the special indulgence of our new contributors. We have had a large stock of promised articles to dispose of recently. We are about through with those pledged. The way is, therefore, getting more open. We would suggest brevity as a quality highly appreciated by a large portion of our readers.

We must also ask the patience of publishers, whose books are on hand for notice. We have a large number from several of our best houses; but, as we read the works noticed in these pages, our progress can not be as rapid as it would be, if we did not read them.

We have received quite a package of new books, of the Sunday School Catalogue, from Lane & Scott, New York, which we intended to notice in this number. We take pleasere, however, though not having the room for due attention to them in this issue, to make a single remark of some importance to our old friend, Rev. D. P. Kidder, the editor. In a private note, he informs us, that it has not been his custom to use the word revised, which we so sincerely deprecated in a late number, in original publications; and that, if the term has ever been so employed, it was not by intention, but by mistake. Those authors, therefore, who have complained in relation to this matter, and at the instance of one or two of whom we wrote what we did, have no justifiable reason for complaint. The editor doubts, indeed, whether many, if any, mistakes of the kind have occurred. We are willing, without examination, to take his word for it; but, if it be so, then not only ourselves, but many others, have taken republications for original works. As to the use of the term revised, as a general thing, even in republications, our opinion is as before; but, if not applied to original productions, as we are now willing enough to believe, it is a matter of no great moment,

Among the articles on hand for future numbers, we have—Rambles in Paris—Rambles in Europe—Thoughts on Youth and Age—Great Things from Small—Poetical Correspondence—The Awakening and the Aspiration—Jesus Pleura—A Mother to her Sleeping Infant—Memories of Home—Erravi—The Sailor Boy's Syren—The Song of Angels—Peter Harris—My Grandmother—German Correspondence—The Land of Tell. We have not space to mention more of them.















THE ZION THAT IS ABOVE.

KELLY.

